

# MC CALL'S MAGAZINE

JUNE  
1917

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Wm. Bickford  
1917



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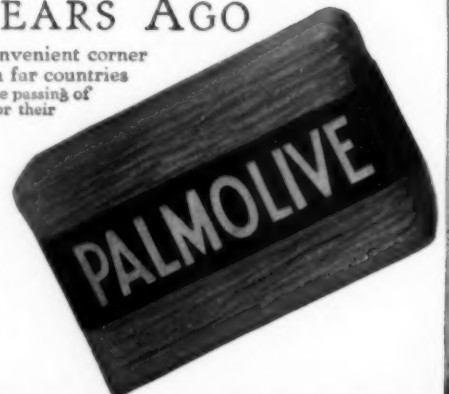
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### Complaints

If your magazine does not reach you by the first of the month, whose issue you are waiting for, notify us and we will mail you another copy. For example, if the July number has not been received before July 1st, then write us, briefly, giving the following information: (1) Mention last number received, remembering that in May you received the JUNE number (not the May number); (2) Tell date you subscribed; (3) Mention amount of money sent, and how, if you sent it direct; (4) Send original receipt, if you gave your subscription to an agent.

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### Manuscripts

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### Advertisements

We will not knowingly, or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.



# Some Interesting Features of the JULY McCALL'S



## To the Women of America!

In this great national crisis, every woman wants to take her share of responsibility. From month to month, McCall's will not only bring to your attention the work that is being done by women in the handling of our war-time food situation—which is the government's gravest problem at present—but will keep you in touch with many other phases of woman's service, so that you can best place your own.

### The Little Lead Disk

*By Hilda Barnes*

Have you ever analyzed your own patriotism? This is the story of a young bride who has to delve deep into hers.

### The Crusade

*By Gertrude Mac Nulty Stevens*

Almost a militant story, wherein a suffragist and an anti cross swords. But not to be taken seriously. Read it in the July McCall's.

### The Man in the Frame

*By Elizabeth Irons Folsom*

An old-fashioned love story that ends in a new-fashioned way.

### America's Bohemia

*By Amy L. Barrington*

Do you know where it is? Have you ever seen it or heard of it? Watch for these two live pictorial pages in the July McCall's.

### Letters from the Agricultural Front

*By An English Girl*

These are actual letters from a young English girl who left school last summer to do a man's work on a farm, in order to help her country. The things she accomplishes, as a matter of her daily routine, are astonishing.

### Practical Articles

Among other illuminating articles in July will be "Buying Goodness," by Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg, the child specialist; "Planning the Home Beautiful," the second article in the interior decoration series—this time on the treatment of walls—by Corinne Updegraff Wells; and one on tested and practical "Fireless-Cooker Menus," by Margaret Foulkes Dowell.

## The Nameless Man

Another absorbing instalment  
in July

### Advance Fashion Notes

Foremost in July, McCall's will show the three-in-one coat, comprising the new trench coat, cape coat, and sweater coat with cape. This month, too, a working overall for women (U. S. patent applied for) will be introduced. The latest modes in separate skirts and blouses will also be featured.



## BOOKS AS FRIENDS

By WINIFRED ARNOLD

YOU always seem to enjoy your books so much," lamented my friend Emily. "Now I really have more books than you have, and I'm sure I read them quite as faithfully as anybody needs to, but I don't seem to get as much pleasure out of them. And yet some of mine are very valuable, too."

"They're not a bit more valuable to you than mine are to me," I defended laughingly. "You see, I am always keeping up with my books just as I am with my friends. I believe in taking time to keep my friendships in repair," as some wise person said. I go to see my friends often—well, I pick up my books very frequently and read a few passages here and there. I think about my friends when I'm away from them, and sometimes I bring them gifts. Yes, and I do that to my books, too; and that helps me to get better and better acquainted all the time. Look here."

I ran across the room, flung open the door of my favorite book-case, and dropped into the low chair which always stands invitingly near. "Here's my Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, for instance. It is illustrated already, of course; but just inside the cover I've pasted another picture—of Tiny Tim and his father—done by Jessie Wilcox Smith. And, farther on, I have a charming little English postcard of Topper at the Christmas party. Here's *Nicholas Nickleby* with a Dickens poster stamp and the copy of a letter from Dickens about the original Squeers. And here in *Bleak House* there is a newspaper notice of the end of the real Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

"Coming down to modern novels, here's *Lady Rose's Daughter*. That has in it a fine picture of Mrs. Ward which I found in a magazine, and a most interesting little explanation from Mrs. Ward's own pen of why she finished the book as she did.

"I often paste in an illuminating book review, when I find one, and I always try to have as many pictures of each author as I can. Look at these Brownings now. This one has a copy of Margaret Widdemer's lovely sonnet—and all those quotations from Chesterton. And some of these criticisms shed floods of light on my favorite poems. In several of these, you see, Browning himself is quoted."

"It sounds interesting," sighed Emily, as she rose to go, "but it must be heaps of work and I couldn't have them on my mind like that all the time. Besides, if you keep on stuffing them like that, they'll get dreadfully out of shape."

"If they do," I laughed in response, "I'll simply continue to treat them as I do my friends. I've never gone back on any of them yet for losing their figures!"



## Wheat Bubbles

### As She Serves Them—And Why

Have you noted how many health articles now advise eating Puffed Wheat?

Do you know how often Puffed Wheat appears on doctors' diet lists? And how many nurses serve it under doctors' orders?

Not because it is sick folks' food. But because it is whole wheat made wholly digestible.

It is scientific food—a Prof. Anderson creation. Every food cell is exploded—every atom feeds.

Toast used to be the grain-food when digestion was delicate. The scorching, perhaps, broke up half the food granules. But now it is whole-wheat—not part-wheat. And all the food cells are broken.

The same rule applies to well folks. Whole grains are far better than flour foods. And this puffing process—shooting from guns—makes all the whole-grain available.

And it makes it delightful. These giant grains, airy, thin and toasted, are really food confections.

**Puffed  
Wheat**

**Puffed  
Rice**

**and Corn Puffs**

**Each 15c Except in Far West**

**The Quaker Oats Company**

**Sole Makers**

(1578)



**T**HERE are white clothes that are really white and there are white clothes of the same material that *seem* white until placed beside perfectly laundered garments. Assuming that the handling has been equally good in both cases and that the sun has shone the same on both, there is but one reason for the difference in color—the soap.

Ivory Soap, because of its rich thick suds, removes every particle of dirt from white clothes. It rinses so easily that none of it remains in the fabric. Its own whiteness enables it to wash the snowiest pieces without leaving even a suggestion of discoloration.

And, most important, it is so pure and mild that it permits this thorough washing of the most delicate linens, silks, laces, and all other dainty materials without affecting the weave or finish in the slightest degree.

Simply follow these four general rules and your white clothes will be your pride:

- 1st. Wash one piece at a time.
- 2nd. Use lukewarm water.
- 3rd. Wash by working garment up and down in suds; do not rub garment on a washboard nor rub soap on the garment.
- 4th. Use Ivory Soap—nothing else.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .



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JUNE

# McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1917



HERE was a cartoon in one of the New York newspapers a few days ago showing Uncle Sam giving his fighting orders to his first

army. The army, however, was not in military khaki nor armed with guns, but instead boasted the blue overalls and the pitchfork of the American farmer. Over in the distance stood the specter of starvation for the world.

That army of farmers might, very well, have been an army of women, for it lies with you whether or not the United States shall shoulder its full burden of responsibility in this world conflict to which it has now pledged its resources. The honor of our country is at stake. And not only does that honor lie in the hand of each potential soldier, but equally so in the hand of each individual woman.

The world is remarking on the fact that at last the United States has shaken off its provincial cocoon and is entering upon full world citizenship. If it is to carry that new responsibility easily and faithfully, it can only be done by the whole-hearted efforts of every one of you. Out of sight and hearing of the flags and the khaki and the orators, perhaps, the conflict and the issue seem remote. We are a hundred million strong, our country is three thousand miles wide, and we hold in our purses the wealth of the world; but none of this can alter the fact that the war will come to your doorstep with just as demanding a voice as it comes to the seat of our government, itself.

**D**URING the first thrill of excitement and incentive, volunteer organizations have sprung up all over the country to organize the women power of the nation, but they cannot reach everywhere; in fact, they can do little more than point the way. The real motive power must come from you as an individual. Join any of the organizations if the one nearest you is doing the work you are fitted to share in, but, if not, put your own ingenuity to work. (And, by the way, the article, *Holding Down Men's Jobs*, which was announced for this June number had to make

## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

way for an article with a more urgent immediate message, *The Badge of Service*, on preparedness for the women power of the nation.) Perhaps it is easier to see the need if one's imagination is not asked to conceive of the

struggles of a hundred millions, but, instead, to bring the crisis home. Narrow the conflict to the limits of your own city or town, and imagine it hemmed in by a besieging army. It will then be a simple matter to find your particular duty.

**D**AY by day, new emergencies will arise, but right now, so close that no one can fail to see it, is the possibility of a food shortage, a food shortage caused not by lack of land available for cultivation but for lack of labor. Here's an opening that hardly a woman could not step into. Your own small back yard can easily feed you and your family and save your country just that much. You can organize the women of your town into a cultivation squad for the vacant lots of your community. If you have a certain number of hours that you can give each day, you will find plenty of farmers close to your city limits who will be delighted to use your services. The world in the last two years has exploded the modern fairy tale that farming was a man's job solely. A large proportion of the agricultural labor of England is now done by women, and done as efficiently and with no more straining of their physical powers than if they were men. Why, even now, in the United States itself, according to the government census, there are over a million women doing actual farm labor. There are very few tasks on farms too heavy for a woman of average strength. Perhaps you can do other tasks more easily for your country, but, if not, know that this great need lies in your path.

We will equip an army of one or several million men, we will send out our ships to keep the seas clear, we will guard our bridges and other public works, but that will not win the war. It will be won by eliminating waste and by the stay-at-homes doubling the industrial and agricultural output of the nation. It is our war and our country, and we can be proud our help is needed.



# PERENNIAL BLOOM

By MAY EDGINTON

Illustrated by C. F. PETERS



MISS SCRIBNER, OF THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN'S CLUB

vigorous, fresh-minded, and well-tailored she remained.

Miss Scribner, on the other hand, giving her summary glance at Ethel, whom she had not seen for years, could not refrain from thinking to herself: "Poor little fool! The general story, I dare say. A dull marriage with all the usual exactions; a house in the suburbs; ready-made clothes bought at sales; entire lack of mental interest; consequent stupefaction of the brain \* \* \*" and neither could Miss Scribner refrain from expressing some of this in her strong eyes and voice.

"And now, Ethel, my dear child," said Miss Scribner, "tell me about yourself. Whom, exactly, did you marry? Where do you live? I haven't carried your address in my head—what is your house like? And so forth?"

A little tired giggle preceded a short silence, and then Mrs. Hapwell murmured, almost timidly:

"There's so little to tell, Laura. It's not worth telling. Beside your life—so full of travel and excitement—mine would seem very dull. Duncan and I—we're just ordinary."

MRS. Hapwell sighed. "It must be glorious," she added in a little gushing way that roused Miss Scribner's good-humored pity and contempt, "to travel nearly all over the world, and write a book about it."

Miss Scribner crossed her knees and sat at ease in the most masculine way.

"Oh, my dear Ethel, all women do something nowadays."

Another ineffectual giggle failed to convey merriment.

"I don't," hesitated Mrs. Hapwell.

"Then why not?" asked Miss Scribner briskly.

"Oh well, you're free, you see, Laura; you're not married."

AS Miss Scribner sat dispensing tea to her one guest in the lounge of the most progressive Woman's Club in London, the guest could not refrain, while she looked at her hostess, from thinking how tall,

"Thank Heavens!" rejoined Miss Scribner freshly.

She added, with firmness, placing her hands in the slit pockets of her skirt, "My good child, I have most consistently declined to give up my freedom to any man. Few men, if any, my dear Ethel, are worth the sacrifice. Now be

frank with me; don't, pray don't, try to play off on me the dignified shilly-shallying

of the average married woman when confronted with a straight question. Are you, after ten years of the experiment—you said it was ten years, didn't you?—satisfied with the disposal you have made of your life? Can't you conceive of a greater happiness?"

Faced with the silence succeeding Mrs. Hapwell's faint, stammered attempt at answer, Miss Scribner added bluffly:

"Just what do you get out of it? Are you still wildly, romantically, in love?"

"N—no," said Mrs. Hapwell. "One isn't. But—"

"Are you rich then?" queried Miss Scribner with a swift glance at her friend's clothes.

"We're not exactly rich," said Mrs. Hapwell a little defensively, "but Duncan's comfortable; and he has bought the house—at least, he hasn't paid off the mortgage yet, but in another ten years he will have done so. I have thirty pounds a year for myself; and we have a very good maid, and a boy for the garden and odd jobs. We go to the seaside every year."

The cosmopolitan woman smiled a little.

"I think all women should marry," said Mrs. Hapwell, insinuating the wisdom of ages of wedded women into her fair, rather faded face. "I most certainly think so."



ETHEL HAPWELL



"ETHEL, WHERE THE DEUCE ARE YOU?"

"Now why?" mused the cosmopolitan woman, waving aside the married state with a large, well-kept hand. "When a woman has outlived the romance, doesn't benefit financially, or increase her interests by marriage, what is there left, other than the law, to keep her with her husband?"

Mrs. Hapwell traveled home by the Tube, to Golder's Green, and those were the words into which her more articulate friend had translated all the little petty rebellions, the mute tiredness, the resentment of her soul for her.

"When a woman has outlived romance, doesn't benefit financially, or increase her interests by marriage, what is there left to keep her with her husband?"

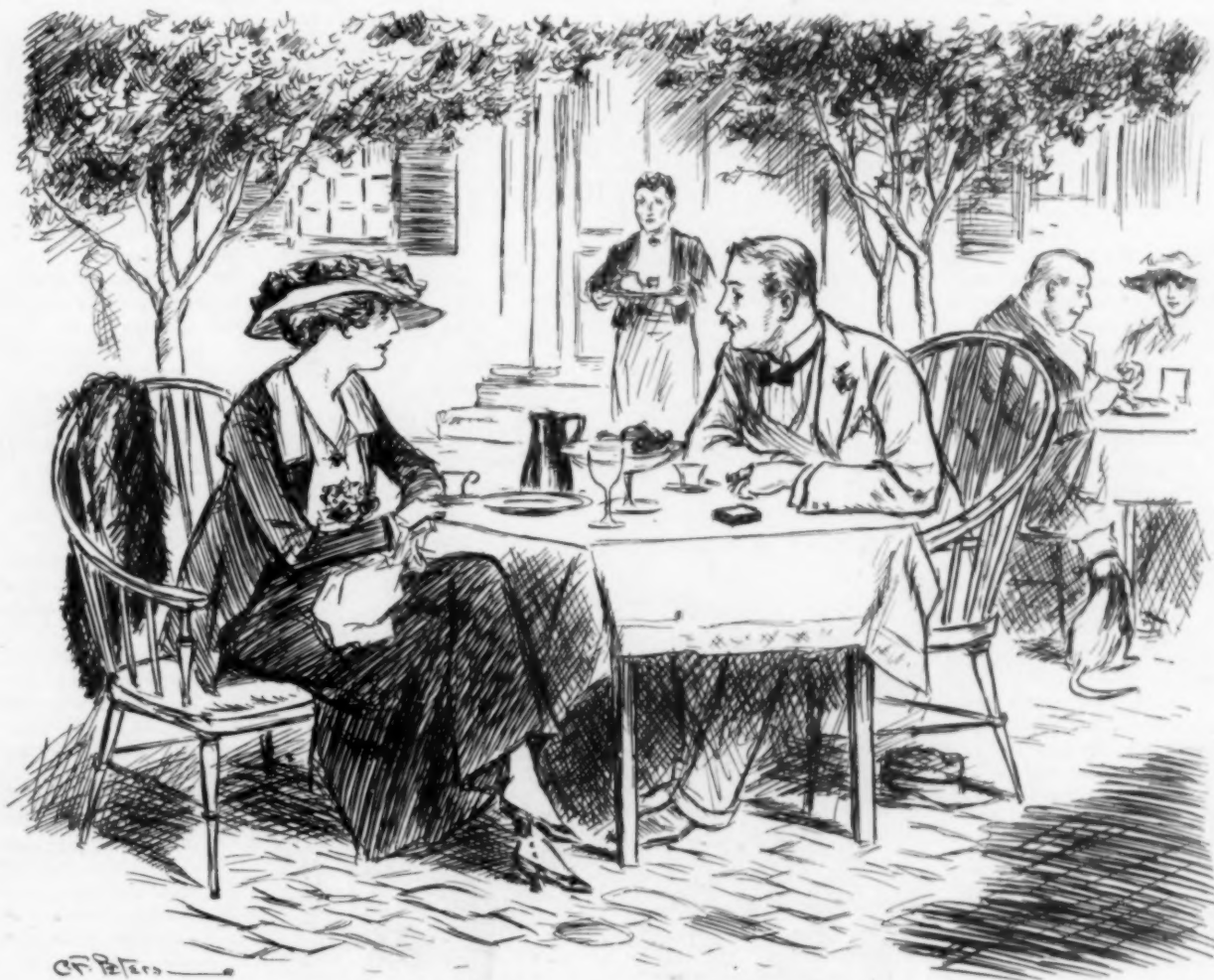
She suddenly thought: "Oh, women are fools to marry!"

The Tube station from which she emerged, presently, was ten minutes' walk from her home, a semi-detached

Then, though she was tired with her day in town, she remembered that she must hurry, for it was nearly time for Duncan to come in, and it always annoyed him to find her unready. That fed the bitter anger of the flame in her heart: "I'm sick of all this humoring and placating, this coaxing; this—this tact; this—this business of 'managing' a husband whom I don't love any longer."

As she slipped into her last summer's best frock, which she was wearing now for evenings, she asked herself: "Why should women always trouble themselves to 'manage' men? Why should men's bad tempers matter?"

The click of the gate below, nevertheless, made her hurry, instinctively, over hooks and eyes; yet already her husband was impatiently calling, "Ethel, where the deuce are you?" before she had opened her door.



ALL THROUGH THE DINNER SHE WONDERED WHAT DUNCAN WAS DOING

villa half-way up a semi-rural road. The tiny patch of front garden was showing neat rows of early bulbs about to burst into bloom; short curtains of art-blue silk fluttered at all the windows; inside the correctly appointed dining-room a most proper maid servant was setting the dinner-table.

Ethel went in, carrying her parcels, and proceeded upstairs to her bedroom. She looked around it. "Even this isn't my own."

She unpinned her hat, and criticised that. She wanted a new one, but there had been extra expenses connected with house linen this spring, which Duncan had decreed that she must meet out of her personal allowance.

She trembled: "His orders! His orders! Why should he order me?"

Without any reply, she hurried downstairs.

Duncan was in the hall, a florid man of middle height, growing a little stout, and with already a suspicion of baldness.

"I shouldn't hurry," he said sarcastically.

They sat down to dinner, opposite one another. They talked little. Ethel was ready with her usual pleasant propitiatory remarks, and Duncan with his rather monosyllabic rejoinders, but that was all, except that when he had heard how she had spent her day, he opined that she might first have attended to her housekeeping, and provided better soup.

They sat down at opposite sides of the dining-room fire after dinner, and while he read his paper, she played patience at the table. He asked her presently to mend his

coat sleeve where he had ripped it a little on a nail in the office, and she mended it.

They went punctually to bed.

Ethel Hapwell lay awake thinking, while Duncan dropped easily and quickly into the sound sleep of a healthy man. She felt as if she lived in a very little room, the door of which was not only shut, but sealed.

"If," she said to herself, "I did want to be free, how could I do it? How could I earn my living? I am domesticated in a light way, but that is all."

The revolution in her thoughts made her heart leap and set her nerves on edge. Her husband snored softly—the habit was growing on him with years—and that was enough to put her into a frenzy.

Marriage was intolerable.

She could, turning back, look coldly on the steps that had led to this semi-detached villa with its art-blue silk curtains. Pictures flashed to her, of the meeting with Duncan at a dance when both were very young; of episodes in the subsequent courtship—many fragrant summer afternoons when, both their homes being in London, they had taken bus or tram and stolen away into the green country for lonely hours of charming bliss. She remembered he had, in those days, possessed a gray suit which she had regarded as being a wonderful thing, a reflection in the very glass of fashion.

She remembered that she had, in those days, worn white muslin dresses with a variety in colored waistbands, which sent Duncan into raptures. She remembered how they had planned together this very house—"of which we'll never, never, never get tired," she had said. And he said: "Tired? Together? We couldn't. It'll be sweet to come home to you, to have you ordering my dinner—and ordering me! And if I lose a button, you'll sew another on for me? This is the sort of house I could be so happy in—with you. We shall be happier and happier each year. I never understand how married people get stale."

Her restlessness woke Duncan once, and he muttered: "For goodness' sake, keep still."

She remembered that, in the early married days, if she could not sleep, it was his fancy to play that she was a baby, and he an extraordinarily patient nurse who must lull her eyes shut.

He used to put eau de Cologne on her forehead and talk to her \* \* \*

"Oh, what fools women are!"

The coddling, the petting, the pretending—those constituted the greatest loss. The common-sense, the prose of marriage tired a woman, made her feel old, and dry, and discontented \* \* \*

Before breakfast, the next morning, Duncan was up and walking around his back garden, hands under the tails of his morning coat, and a judicial eye for somebody's sins of omission and commission.

Coming in to breakfast, which, despite all Ethel's endeavors with the maid, happened to be a few minutes late, Duncan left a great many instructions for the youthful gardener.

"You must really," he said to Ethel, "keep an eye on him. The carrots ought to be in, and if you are obliged to buy, later on, don't blame me. Don't say I didn't warn you, or remind you. I bought you that gardening book, thinking you'd take the trouble to read it."

Mrs. Hapwell paid, for once, but disrespectful attention to what Duncan had been thinking. She was immersed in a letter that she read and re-read, then pushed under the breakfast tray. A bright spot of color rose on either cheek-bone, which, on observance, led her husband to remark:

"It's no use your getting annoyed because I tell you what you ought to have done. It's your garden, too."

"Oh," she said queerly, "I'm not annoyed."

"Get me a box of matches, please, my dear."

She fetched a box.

"I left my cigarette-case upstairs," he called out over his shoulder as he collected hat, gloves and stick.

She ran for it.

She was then alone for the day.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Duncan Hapwell returned to dinner, his wife was in the dining-room, hatted and coated.

The table was laid for one.

"If you go out in the afternoons," he said from the hall, "I wish you wouldn't run it so close, Ethel. You know how I hate—"

She came through the already open door and looked at him like a woman renewing life under the stimulus of a big, glad shock.

"—me not to be ready for dinner when you come in? I know, Duncan. I have some news for you."

[Con. on page 60]



SHE REMEMBERED  
THE WALKS THEY  
USED TO TAKE



# RED HEELS

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Illustrated by MAURICE LINCOLN BOWER



RISCILLA is going to Argentine!" Amelia set down her cup with startled emphasis, and regarded her sister and brother, with eyes aghast, across the open letter in her hand.

Miss Bertha Brewster and Mr. Peter Brewster echoed, punctually as a Greek chorus, "To Argentine, South America?" And Peter added a worried line of solo, "All alone? To South America!"

"Argentine, South America," Amelia repeated, this time in italics. Her eye sped down the page. "Oh," she said, a trifle mollified, "it's for the school, in a way \* \* \* They want her to perfect her Spanish, so she can teach that next term, in addition to English. Since she can't go to Spain on account of the war, South America is the most satisfactory solution, I suppose."

"Will they pay her expenses?" Bertha inquired.

"She says not."

"Not even half?"

"No, but she will have a substantial increase in salary next year."

"Oh!"

The tension was tight—ready to snap.

Mr. Peter Brewster, a small, mild person with faded blue eyes and a fringe of pale hair, looked dreamily down at his shirred egg. "Argentine—" he mused, gently, "I have always had the feeling that I should enjoy Argentine \* \* \* fragrant groves \* \* \* and blue water \* \* \* and people singing in the streets \* \* \* But it costs so much—I don't see how Priscilla—"

"She's got six months' leave, and she's going now to take advantage of the winter rates," said Amelia crisply, returning the letter to its envelope.

"Even so"—Bertha shook her head—"It'll cost enough!—more than enough!"

AMELIA'S mouth took on the contour of a buttonhole. "I sometimes wonder if Priscilla has undue expectations." She let her eyes stray over the silver coffee service and across to the stolid sideboard twinkling, sedately, with pewter and copper luster. "I thought we made it very clear, when we gave her an education—"

"That we pledged ourselves to nothing further." Bertha caught her sister's sentence at the dash and rounded it to a decisive period.

Peter cleared his throat. "Still, in a way, she's all we've got \* \* \*

Amelia filled a saucer with cream, set it upon a larger plate, and placed it carefully on the floor beside her. "Benjamin Franklin!" she called, briskly, and a large, sleek cat came forward with measured tread and addressed himself with nice daintiness to his breakfast. After this, Bertha and Amelia and Peter turned silently to their various eggs.

Peter rose hastily. "If I might be excused—" It appeared that he might, and he quitted the dining-room with unobtrusive speed.

WHEN she heard the front door close behind him, Amelia sighed softly. "Peter doesn't seem to realize that—whatever we may elect to do, eventually—the child must be made independent!"

"He never remembers that Priscilla is only half Brewster," added Bertha. "We have the lax southern blood to reckon with." She bent to retrieve the saucer, but Amelia stayed her.

"She hasn't finished her breakfast." It was entirely characteristic of the household that Benjamin Franklin should be she and her. It is not wholly certain that, during the long hours of undisputed feminine sway, Peter himself was not referred to as she.

"I have always felt very keenly the lack of serious and unflinching

standard in Peter, ever since—" Bertha lowered her voice with a glance toward the kitchen door.

"—his affair. Yes. I, too," Amelia whispered. "We can never be sufficiently thankful that it stopped where it did," she added devoutly.

"If it did," Bertha breathed.

"Sister!"

"Well \* \* \* I sometimes wonder \* \* \*

"Sister!"

Mr. Peter's sad contribution to family history was a dim incident of undergraduate days, but the Misses Brewster rubbed it bright in memory. The gentle youth had been presented, through the unfortunate offices of an intrepid fellow student, to a talented young person who sang "Buttercup" in a skirt of fetching brevity. Tragedies of less moment than murder "will out," and it came swiftly to the ken of the sisters that Peter had been seen dining the lady at one of the big hotels \* \* \* driving her behind



"PRISCILLA IS GOING TO ARGENTINE!"

the fat, gray family pair, to view the ancient graveyard at Concord. Swift and stringent measures had strangled association in its cradle, but—though "Buttercup" was later discovered to be a hard-working and well-meaning young woman, chief support of a widowed mother, and had never, so far as they knew, communicated with him further—it was always darkly referred to as "Peter's affair."

"Just the same," said Bertha, doggedly, "if you watch his eyes, when he's listening to music \* \* \* and he can't even look at buttercups without blushing clear into his hair."

Amelia folded her napkin into its proper creases. "I feel we were very wise to discourage correspondence between Peter and Priscilla. His attitude in letters would be as foolishly indulgent as it always was when she lived here with us." She bent again for the saucer.

Benjamin Franklin had disposed of her cream without flicking a single drop on the guarding plate.

Down in the solid street where he was engaged from ten to three behind his little wicket, Mr. Peter Brewster, his gentle face aglow, read and reread a letter eagerly:

Oh, Uncle Peter, dear [it ran], to think that I am actually, in this life, and on this earth, to see South America! Do you remember how you used to show me the picture of Buenos Aires, in the old atlas, before I could read, and tell me all the things you imagined about it—the home of my mother. I am afraid Aunt Amelia and Aunt Bertha may think it extravagant of me, and I don't wish to seem to disregard their judgment, but I have saved all your dear and generous gifts at birthdays and Christmases, and I have enough for a month's holiday before I begin my studies. So, you see, Uncle Peter, you are really giving me what I want most, and I thank you with all my grateful heart!

AT the Misses Cabots' School, delegates from all classes, important with lists and memoranda, met to consult over suitable tokens of esteem for their popular teacher, Miss Priscilla D. Brewster.

"What's the D. for?" inquired one Gwendolyne Grayson, more generally hailed as Gipsy, whose mother's name glittered in electric letters over a Broadway theater, where she ministered to the recreation of the tired business man, while her daughter sojourned for cultural purposes with the Misses Cabot.

"It's a name she doesn't care for; she never tells." A prize pupil with prominent front teeth chewed a pencil-top and frowned portentously. "I vote for Baedekers for each country."

"Oh," said a practical Senior, "when my aunt went over, last spring, we gave her the cunningest hot-water bag that folded up in a little leather case, and a little medicine chest, and—"

"What's the matter with a pair of fuzzy slippers, and a chest-protector, and an ear-trumpet?" Gipsy demanded with scathing scorn. "Where do you think she's going?—To the Old Ladies' Home? Do you know how old that girl is?"

"Twenty-six; I looked it up in the catalogue."

"Well, what's twenty-six? Have a heart! Don't try to bury her till she's dead! If she didn't dress like a Plymouth-Rock hen— Why, listen, my mother's thirty-three, and she looks infinitely younger than Priscilla Brewster. Why, mother's maid could make that Priscilla girl look like nineteen! I move we give her something foolish!"

But the conservatives won, and it was decided to present Miss Brewster with various articles of such self-evident usefulness that Gipsy flung herself from the committee meeting in high disdain.

"Catch!" she cried, tossing a gold mesh purse to the chairman. "Help yourself! Buy her a nice, cosy, high-necked flannel night-dress; but I'll give her something from myself, on the side."

It was her privilege, next day, to accompany the departing teacher on her last, methodical shopping tour. With every brisk and modest purchase, her displeasure grew. "Say, listen, Miss Priscilla," she burst forth, at length, "if you buy a single other useful, d-rable, sensible thing, I shall scream!"

"Why, Gipsy!" The tall young teacher gazed down at her in amazed reproach. "I don't understand you!"

"Don't you ever get anything just because you like it?"

"But I like all these things, Gipsy, dear! They are excellent quality, good, wearing shades—"

"Help! That's just it! Don't you ever like things the way you like me?" she grinned, engagingly, up into the grave young face. "Listen!—You like Martha with the huge teeth in front because she's a shark at Latin; and you like the Cabot pussy-kitties—"

"Gwendolyne!"

"—because they give you your job; but you just like me because you like me!"

"I shall not be able to like you at all, if you are not more careful of your language. You have been showing so much improvement that I was greatly encouraged." She turned into a shoe-shop, and Gipsy clutched her arm.

"Now, I ask you, as one woman to another," she begged, dramatically, "to get some human-looking shoes! It's terribly important! Feet show a lot on a steamer, Mother-kin says!" Her face fell as Miss Brewster thrust out a long, slim foot in aggressively common-sense garb, and asked for something along the same lines. Hope sprang again when the selected pairs stood in a sedate row, and she tugged the teacher to a satin-lined case of frivolous evening foot-gear. "How about slippers, Miss Priscilla?"

"I have a pair, dear, which are still very good. Don't you know—I wear them at our Second Fridays?"

Gipsy groaned. "All they need is some elastic in the sides!"

"My dear!"

"They turn up in front like gondolas, honest they do! You heard what that clerk said—it's a crime for you not to wear fours—or threes and a half! No, I don't want to watch you buy rubbers! I'll wait for you here!"

THAT night, as Miss Brewster laid down her brush after the hundred and twentieth stroke on her shining hair, and took up her Testament, there came a tap at her door. It opened to admit Gipsy, pictorial in pale-blue pajamas and a rose-point cap, a much tissue and be-ribboned parcel under her arm. "Listen," she said, genially, "I'm in on the nice, suitable stuff the little ladies are giving you tomorrow, but this is all my own! Happy Easter from Gip!" She dropped the bundle into the open trunk and bounded onto the bed, where she sat, cross-legged, her chin in her hands, studying the teacher with kindly approval. "My \* \* \* I wish Mother's Henriette could get her hands on you! What she wouldn't do with that hair! \* \* \* And she'd have you shot at sunrise for that shepherd plaid! You ought to wear long, limp, slimy things, all one color."

"Gwendolyne, dear, it's very late! I still have some packing to do!"

"O. K. for me! I'm on my way!" She gave her a swift and vigorous hug, and paused, with the door-knob in her hand: "Have a wonderful time, old dear, but promise me you won't marry a Spaniard!"

"Gipsy!"

Priscilla dressed with her usual careful haste for her first dinner on board, choosing her dull blue crêpe de Chine ("things all one color," Gipsy had said). A chance glance into her steamer trunk reminded her of Gwendolyne's parcel. Upon investigation, it revealed a pair of reckless, patent leather slippers with dizzy red heels. Peeping from one was a card which bore the following message in a hasty, down-hill scrawl:

They do not use their Boston beans,  
The stuffy little prigs!  
They bring thee bags and Baedekers!—  
I'd have thee dancing jigs!  
You have enough of useful things.  
Pray heed the hint my present brings!  
I deem thee fair,  
And so when'er  
In these you trip  
Remember

GIP!

"In these you trip," Miss Brewster smiled ruefully. "I should say I would! Oh, dear! They must have cost ten dollars! \* \* \* I did so want *Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings*, and *The Life and Letters of Leonardo!* She did up the frivolous slippers and returned them, with a sigh, to the depths of her trunk.

Three weeks later two picture post-cards went forth from Buenos Aires in her neat hand.

DEAR AUNT BERTHA.—This is the famous old Spanish museum here. Very quiet now. Heard interesting lecture to-day. Took notes which you may enjoy. Love.  
P. D. B.

It would seem, at first glance, that the Spinning Sisters went to considerable pains to arrange matters for Priscilla's drive, and yet, on second thought, it was all quite logical. What more natural than that Pedro, the carter, on learning that Carmencita had presented him with the fourth daughter in five years, should look about him for some one on whom to vent his just indignation? And, since old Angela stood stout guard above his remorseful spouse, and Pepita, Maria, Carlota and Carmencita were not foemen worthy of his steel, there remained only Beppo, the horse, who had served him on similar occasions. It



"SHE HAS GIVEN YOU BACK TO ME, *Muy Querida, Mia!*"

DEAR AUNT AMELIA.—You will be surprised to hear from me from Buenos Aires. The art galleries are wonderful. Am gathering notes for Art Class. The observatory here is excellent. Love.  
P. D. B.

But the long letter which came to Uncle Peter at the bank spilled riotous, rapturous phrases down the page, and made him very happy and proud, indeed.

UNCLE PETER, DEAREST, why aren't you here to revel with me? It's all our dreams come true! The water is as blue as my little old turquoise ring, and groves are gray-green and silver in the sun, and they actually sing in the streets—they truthfully do! The people are so kind and gay! I have the feeling that they are rather frivolous and irresponsible, but one overlooks that because they are so charming. They don't seem quite human and every-day; they are like characters in a book—in a comic opera, perhaps. Was my mother like that? To-morrow I drive out into the country. Oh, but my month will fly! Three beautiful days are gone already!

needed only, therefore, that the Fate Ladies should arrange to deliver Priscilla punctually at the spot where Beppo, with the evil design of adding to the tribulations of an already burdened man, was refusing to drag the cart over a rock twice its size, and to send a sleek, purring motor-car around the turn of the road at the exact moment when Miss Brewster, her eyes blazing in her white face, sprang from her rented chariot with the quite evident intention of belaboring the father of daughters with her parasol. Having accomplished this, it is to be taken for granted that the Misses Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos washed their hands of Priscilla D. Brewster (having entrusted a certain detail to Gwendolyne Grayson and another to the occupant of the motor) and turned their attention promptly to needier individuals.

[Continued on page 52]



# THE BADGE OF SERVICE

WE ARE AT WAR—HOW CAN WOMEN SERVE THEIR FLAG?

By MARION FRANCIS BROWN



**W**HAT can I best do to serve my country in this time of her need?

Where shall I offer my services? is the thought of every American woman now as it is of every American man. For nearly three years American women have been studying silently the work of their European sisters in mitigating the misery of war's dread holocaust. During this time, while they have naturally deepened and broadened their opposition to this war with all its atrocities, they have, nevertheless, derived from it a deeper consciousness of the need for service. Feeding the homeless, the fatherless, the husbandless, sending through their clubs missionaries of mercy to foreign battlefields, they have risen in their ministrations above partisanship and above prejudice.

Now a newer and greater exigency, however, has come upon us. War is at our own gates. The long-expected call has sounded. America has answered. During the months to come, while our men are taking their rightful places as defenders of their country, American womanhood must rally to the service it stands pledged to give.

Always in the first passing weeks of a great crisis, the unyielding machinery of a big government seems of necessity to be only marking time. Leaders come slowly to the front. Optimism is over-ripe, and there is a tendency among the well-meaning, surface-thinking classes to spend their energies only on show-resultant projects. American women, even now, while engaged in a nation-wide preparedness, are facing the temptation of acting superficially. This is not a time for grandstand play with militant feminism set forth in khaki. It is a time for mental housecleaning and self searching, for service that goes deeper than a flourish of flags and a blare of trumpets. Preparedness is something more than the making of bandages and marching in parades. At any moment, the obligations of European women may be visited upon wives and sisters in this country, and when that time comes they must be ready.

## What European Women Have Done

A deeper insight into what women can do may be gained by weighing for a moment the accomplishments of European women since the war started in 1914. When the crash came, it was the "luxury" trades, employing so much unskilled labor, that vanished first. Then little by little in all the warring countries, women began to train for better and fitter tasks. In Germany, the Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine mobilized housewives to meet the food crisis and continue schools for vocational training. The French government threw open its technical schools to its reserve army of women workers. In England, the ministry of munitions established seventy free training centers for women munition workers.

To-day there is hardly a job not open to English women. They are handling the heavy push-cars of the flour mills. They are actively engaging in building, mining, and quarrying. Over 1,000,000 of them have been added to the wage-earners in the industrial, commercial, agricultural, transportation, and civil service fields. Up to July, 1916, 766,000 women had replaced men in hard manual labor. Mrs. Humphry Ward in a recent book praises English women's service in the highest terms. "They are saving the country," she says, "they don't mind what they do. Hours? They work ten and a half or with overtime twelve hours a day, seven days a week. Where not a single woman was employed in the works and factories before the war, except in textiles, there will soon be fifteen thousand of them in the munition shops alone and that will not be the end."

Canada, too, is doing her bit. Through every channel of practical service her women are spending untiring energies for the preservation of England's glory. Canada has already sent out over 5,000 nurses. Of women bankers she boasts 3,500; and of munition workers, 3,000.

## The Red Cross Needs You

Time alone can tell how vital a demand will be made on the resourcefulness and efficiency of American women. Only one thing is certain; the manner in which they rise to meet all future emergencies depends upon the seriousness with which they take hold now. In past crises, women have found their greatest outlet for national service in the Red Cross. In Japan this wonderful organization numbers to-day 1,800,000 members; in Germany, 1,400,000; in Russia, 1,200,000, and in the United States, only 250,000.

A two months' campaign in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, has resulted recently in enlarging the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross by more than 150,000 members, but the canvassing must not stop here. The help of every loyal American woman is needed to support Red Cross field and base hospitals, and doctors and nurses, and to provide for the necessities of military and civilian relief.

Eliot Wadsworth, acting chairman of the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., in a circular letter sent recently from headquarters to the various Red Cross chapters, said:

"We are ready now to provide personnel to care for the sick and wounded of an army of 1,000,000 men, and to bring instant relief to the dependent families of volunteers. Our surgical dressings we have standardized to meet the special needs of the United States Army. In one year we have added to our rolls more than a quarter of a million members. To-day we need a million new members at once. The time has come when we must ask and obtain the undivided support of patriotic Americans everywhere."

By those not yet prepared to participate in active nursing, service can best be rendered through gifts of money or supplies, or through coöperation along lines other than nursing in hospital duties, such as disinfecting, cleaning and mending, caring for the patients' clothing, and preparing special diets.

All over the country, auxiliaries of the American Red Cross are being authorized by county chapters of the association to undertake specified work in organizing classes of instruction in First Aid, Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick, and in Home Dietetics. Wherever women are interested in this particular phase of national service, it is possible for them to get in immediate touch through their clubs or churches with the nearest branch of this organization. An auxiliary may be formed among the members of a church or Sunday school, among the students of a high school or college, or within a woman's club, in a town, or a given district of a city. Full information may be obtained from the Bureau of Information, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

### Help Feed Your Country

The Red Cross is only one of many outlets for the woman power of the United States. The National American Suffrage Association, in addition to extensive canvassing throughout every state in the union to line up women volunteers for civic service, has worked out a propaganda for increasing the food supply of the country and for eliminating waste. The women of the warring European countries have already replaced the men behind the plough, and what they have done American women can do also. According to the 1916 census, there are already in the United States over 257,706 women farmers; 1,514,423 women farm laborers, 7,765 farm forewomen; and 7,834 women gardeners. In the event of a food-shortage crisis, however, this number would not make a force adequate enough to meet all possible emergencies in the absence of men laborers. With this fact in mind, the Suffrage Association has formed an agricultural committee sanctioned by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. Through the medium of their local organizations and the coöperation of women's clubs, this suffrage agriculture committee hopes to reach every woman who owns her own garden plot.

Carl Vrooman, assistant secretary of agriculture, says "Every available back yard in the city or suburbs should be turned into a vegetable garden. Half an acre properly prepared, planted, and cared for will supply a family with exercise for several months and with vegetables for a year."

A nation-wide appeal is being made by the suffragists through their state presidents and state executive boards to urge women landowners not only to be responsible for cultivating every inch of available garden space they have this year, but also to lend their earnest coöperation in the big problem of eliminating waste. Every local suffrage league is to have a chairman of suffrage agriculture who will organize the women of her community into non-dues-paying farm and garden clubs to work out the problem of soil utilization as a patriotic duty.

### A Multitude of Tasks Before Us—Register Now

So much for opportunity to serve in the direct home province; but there are those whose special qualifications will take them outside this domain, and

for such the National League for Women's Service with national headquarters in New York City, has outlined probably the fullest and most comprehensive program for active work of any of the innumerable recognized preparedness organizations in the country. Its object is to coördinate and standardize the work of American women along lines of constructive patriotism and to coöperate with the Red Cross and other agencies in offering opportunities for service.

It has divided its classification of activities into seven main groups, falling under such categories as (1) social welfare, including factory inspection, housing and feeding, social club work, and coöperation in caring for the families of militiamen; (2) commissariat duties, including cooking and purchasing; (3) agriculture, including gardening, poultry raising, and dairying; (4) industrial welfare, including shop and factory inspection; (5) medical care and nursing (this is to be turned over to the Red Cross organization); (6) motor driving (members of this detachment are required to pass a test as to skill in driving and also as to knowledge of the mechanism of a motor, and to secure a certificate of efficiency from a motor school or a recognized motor expert); (7) general service, including executive office work, stenography, card cataloguing, filing, telegraphy, and switchboard operating.

The league is carrying on its preparedness mobilization with the approval of the Council for National Defense, the Department of Labor, and other branches of the government. Already it has established training classes in thirty-two states.

It will keep a registry of women from all over the country, classifying them according to the groups they have specified as the most natural outlet for their specialized service. Every local branch of the league will keep in touch with the New York National headquarters, and under state and local committee leaders, will have every opportunity to acquire instruction in all lines of activity. The huge problem of providing food for the troops in war-time is being considered by the leaders of the League and classes have already been started throughout the country in food preparation from this special angle, including a thorough mastery of canteen cookery.

While a permanent plan for this organization is being developed through national and local detachments, an emergency program for preparedness is already well under way. Through it every phase of women's work and women's welfare in connection with war is being focussed upon and a vital consciousness to keener patriotism being invoked. It is the privilege of every thinking patriotic woman to become affiliated at once with an organization of this type. If you, therefore, have not already pledged your support to the Red Cross or to the Suffrage Agriculture service or to any of the smaller local preparedness movements, see to it that your pledge is added to the registry of this national League. Send your name in to McCall's magazine and we will turn your application over at once to the national headquarters, from which you will receive full information and an application blank. Whether for full time or for part time, an eight-hour day or a free half-hour during the evenings, your services are needed for your country. Send your name in now. Quick action is imperative. The reveille has sounded, and it must be answered by women who shall stand together, mother type and worker type, pioneer and Puritan, thinking rich and thinking poor, permeated with the ideal of national liberty for themselves and their posterity.



# PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

INTRODUCTORY ARTICLE IN OUR HOME DECORATION SERIES

By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS—Illustrated by PAUL DE LESLIE

THERE is a vast distinction between a house which is a structure built by hands, and a home, which, in the true sense of the word, is the materialized expression of the souls that dwell therein. Our houses, to be attractive, must be the product of skilled builders; our homes, if they are to bear that imprint of individuality necessary to distinguish them from other homes about us, must have expressions of our own personality shining into and through them like light from stained-glass windows.

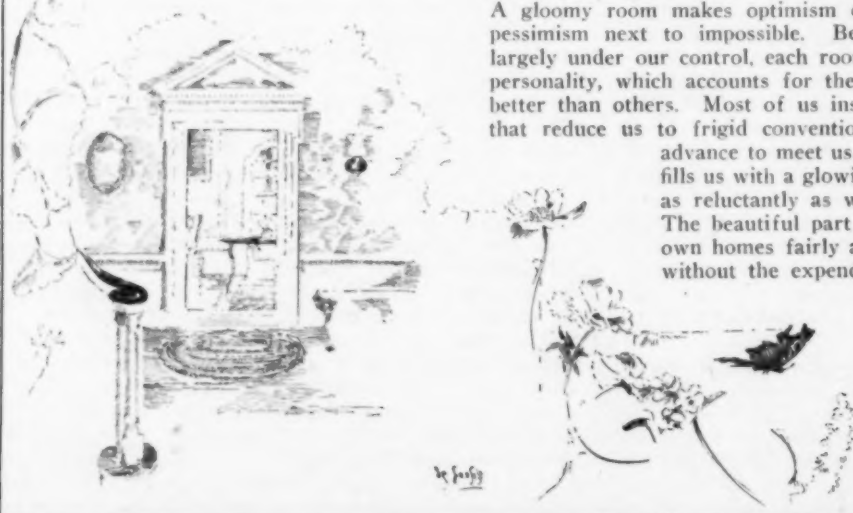
To achieve such homes, we must dream over them. We must inhabit them while they are still castles in the air, visualizing ourselves and our children in them until one day we shall awake to find the web our fancy has spun woven into a reality that envelops us like a garment.

To be all it should be, our home must minister to our aesthetic as well as our physical needs. It should be a sort of fireside for our souls, as well as a comfortable abode for our bodies. Be it ever so humble, if it satisfies these human requirements, it is home, indeed. If it comes short of this ideal, though it be a palace, it is not worthy of the name.

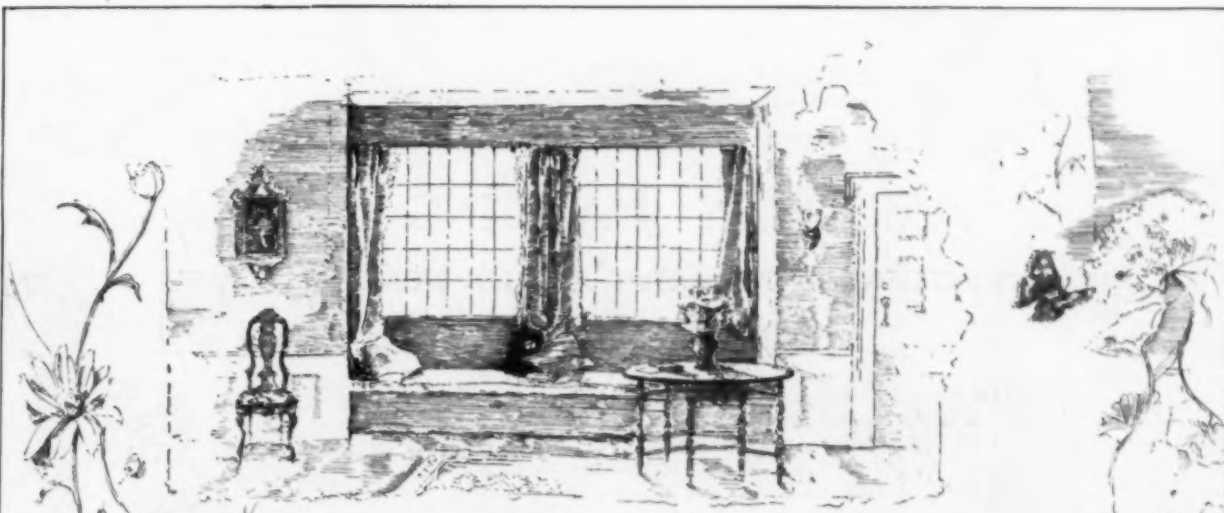
The most beautiful and satisfying homes are those which furnish backgrounds for personalities. People are always at their best in an environment that harmonizes with and promotes the growth of their individualities. We all resemble chameleons in taking on the subtle hues of our environment. Inanimate and apparently unimportant objects have great power to comfort, irritate or overpower us. Colors please or distress us, whether we are conscious of the fact or not. Walls, spaces, proportions, forms, and lines are all factors in influencing temperament. The sense of broad space liberates

our imagination; cloisters move us to confessions and confidences. A gloomy room makes optimism difficult; a cheery room makes pessimism next to impossible. Because of the effect of details largely under our control, each room in our homes has its distinct personality, which accounts for the fact that we like some rooms better than others. Most of us instinctively dislike formal rooms that reduce us to frigid conventionality. Hospitable rooms that advance to meet us with an enfolding embrace that fills us with a glowing sense of well-being, we leave as reluctantly as we part from cherished friends. The beautiful part of it is that we can make our own homes fairly articulate if we choose, and this without the expenditure of large sums of money.

No matter how little we have to invest in our homes, we can, in some measure, breathe into them the breath of our own lives. This is not difficult. The difficult thing, after all, is to conceal certain tell-tale marks of our personality.







Each article in our homes, whether it be a picture, a piece of music, or a set of period furniture, bespeaks our character and taste whether we expect it to or not. These innumerable small voices swell into a mighty chorus that proclaims to the world our dignity, sincerity, hospitality, sympathy—or their opposites, vulgarity, superficiality, conventionality, coldness. When we see geraniums potted in shining tomato cans, blooming bravely in the window of a hovel, we know, instinctively, that within there dwells some one whose love for the beautiful cannot be dwarfed by the squalor of poverty.

Furnishing and decorating a home tastefully can never become an exact science. There is no one best way to accomplish the desired result. A home is too personal a thing ever to be machine-made. One home may be as different as possible from another, and each equally artistic, but one will be the Brown's home and the other will be the Jones' home. In both cases, however, the effect of beauty and harmony has been achieved by following the same general standards. Proportions have been artistically correct, lines have been simple and graceful, colors have been used judiciously and combined harmoniously, and

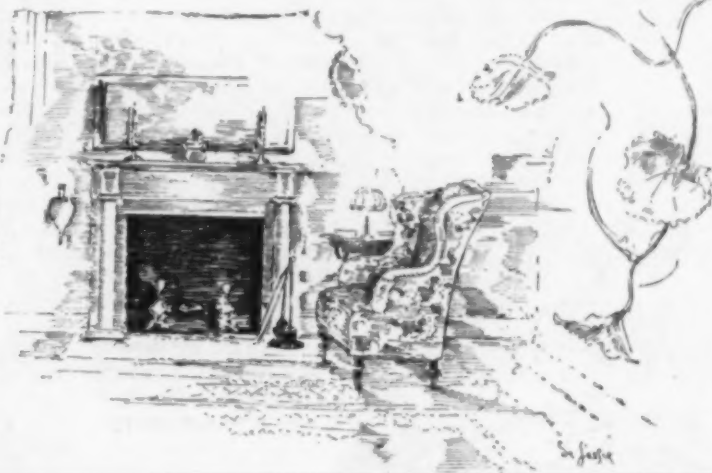
each room has been made completely to fulfil the purpose for which it was intended. Unfortunately, every one does not possess this instinct for the beautiful. It may be acquired, however, as one acquires culture along other lines. Usually, an uneducated artistic sense is the result of unfamiliarity with acknowledged standards of beauty. While we may not all be real artists when it comes to house furnishing and decorating, we can, at least, keep the bull out of the china-shop by avoiding shams, and applying the test of suitability. Our homes should compel us to live up to them; to stretch a little if need be. Everything about them should be sincere and genuine enough to order out on dress parade the very best of everything there is within us.

There are great numbers of home-owning and home-loving people living far from the great commercial and art centers of the world, whose hunger for beauty is not satisfied by the merchandise obtainable in their own home towns. Too often these vague yearnings are stifled unnecessarily, partly because of unfamiliarity with accepted standards, but chiefly because people lack the imagination to realize that the loveliest things in the world can be theirs if they but have the initiative to search for them. While most local dealers cannot be expected to carry merchandise for which there is no great demand, all of them are in close touch with the manufacturing and retail centers, so that, with their cooperation, selections and purchases may be made. The important thing is to

select from the world's great stock, the articles you wish to buy. This is a satisfactory and delightful experience, since photographs and descriptions are to be had for the asking. After making your selections, if

your dealer cannot obtain the articles for you, or you live in isolated

[Con. on page 27]



# AMERICAN PAINTING

## A REPRESENTATIVE ARTIST AND HIS WORK

By WALLACE HILL



ON the opposite page is a reproduction of "The Ring," a justly famous picture by John W. Alexander, one of our popular American painters, the original of which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Our art in America is still too young for a critic to be able to say that this artist, or that artist, is the greatest, but Alexander belongs to the little group, including also Chase, Brush, Henri, Sargent, and Whistler, who at least have emerged, as a group, as being really representative of American painting.

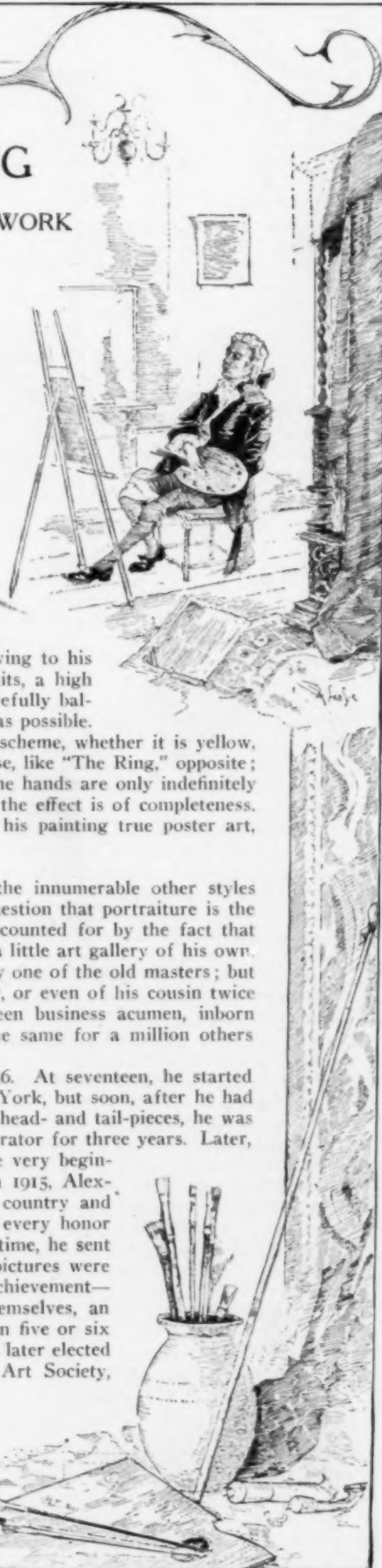
Although Alexander has experimented in everything from the painting of landscapes to stage scenery, it is chiefly as a painter of portraits and a mural decorator that he is known. (For his panels in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, Pa., upon their completion in 1905, he received the largest sum ever paid to any single painter in America—one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars!) He had the rare faculty of giving to his figures, whether they were purely idyllic ones, or actual portraits, a high dramatic touch. In all of them, the coloring is distinct and carefully balanced, in order that the effect may be kept as simple and direct as possible. Also, almost invariably, each picture represents a distinct color scheme, whether it is yellow, and brown, and black, or whether it is green, and yellow, and rose, like "The Ring," opposite; and, though he may omit much in a painting—sometimes even the hands are only indefinitely outlined—it is peculiar to Alexander's talent that, on the whole, the effect is of completeness. In this elimination of the unessential, Alexander has made of his painting true poster art, which is so peculiarly adapted to modern conditions.

WHETHER developed in Alexander's style, or in any of the innumerable other styles utilized by innumerable other painters, here, there is no question that portraiture is the most popular form of painting in America. This is perhaps accounted for by the fact that Mr. Algernon Smith, of Smithville, who is rich enough to have a little art gallery of his own, may or may not be attracted by a landscape, unless it is signed by one of the old masters; but he is always sure to want a portrait of his wife, or his daughter, or even of his cousin twice removed. And, fortunately, an American versatility, and a keen business acumen, inborn even in a painter, gives Mr. Smith what he wants, and does the same for a million others like him.

Alexander was born in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, in 1856. At seventeen, he started his career as an office boy for a large publishing house, in New York, but soon, after he had exhibited unmistakable genius through his sketches of the little head- and tail-pieces, he was transferred to their art department, where he worked as an illustrator for three years. Later, he went abroad to study, and the success he met with, from the very beginning, is little short of remarkable. At the time of his death, in 1915, Alexander's work was represented in every famous gallery in this country and Europe, and he had received, both here and abroad, practically every honor which an American painter could achieve. In 1893, for the first time, he sent three portraits of women to the Paris Champs des Mars. His pictures were not only accepted for exhibition—and this, in itself, is no mean achievement—but they were marked Number One, and given a panel to themselves, an honor usually not accorded more than five or six out of a hundred exhibitors. He was later elected a member of the foremost French Art Society, and, finally, in 1901, was made a Chevalier Legion d'Honneur.

Across the seas, in his own country, Alexander did much

[Concluded on page 79]



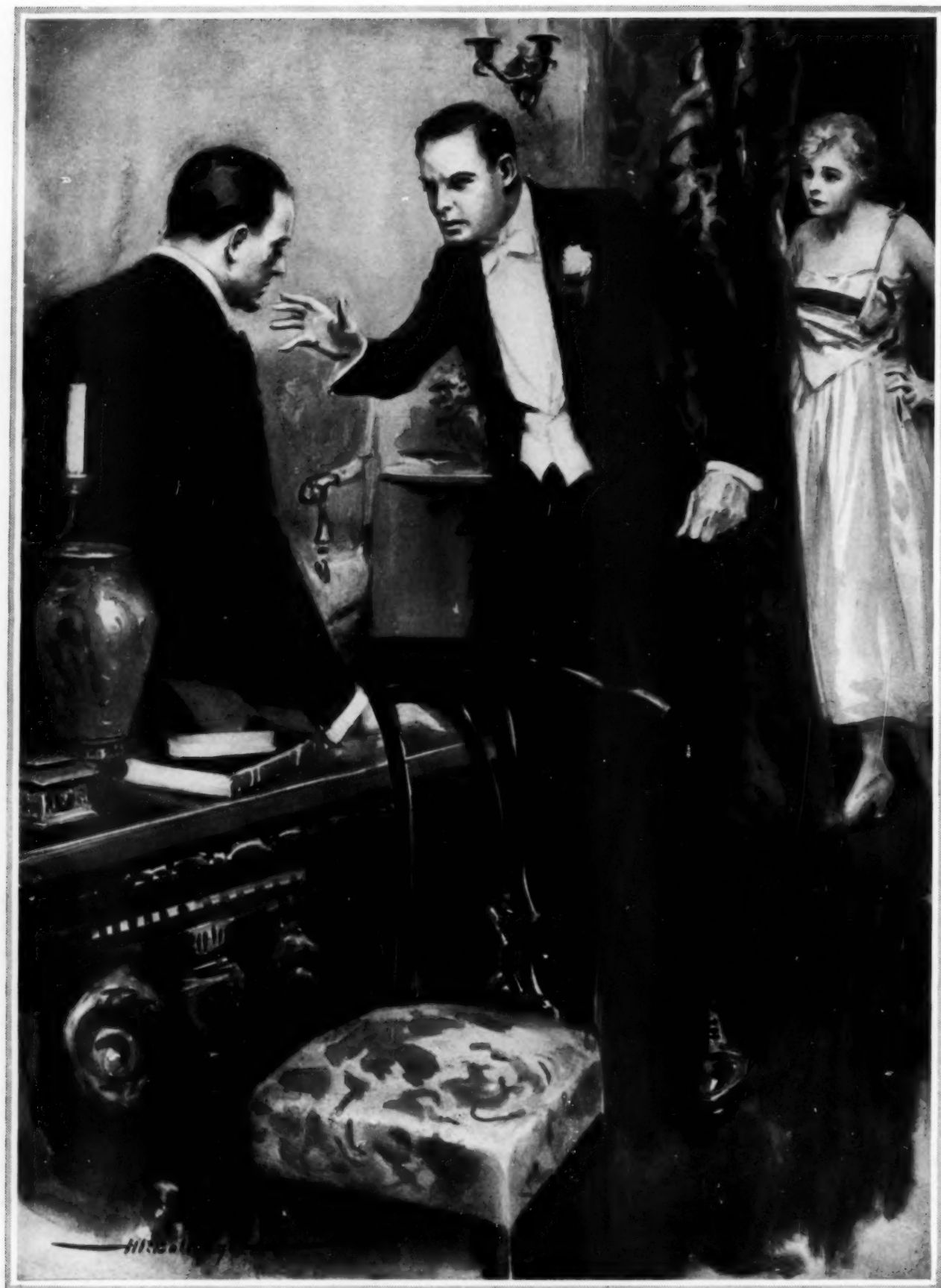


*From a painting by John W. Alexander*

"THE RING"

*Property of The Metropolitan Museum of Art*





"I WILL GIVE YOU TWELVE HOURS TO LEAVE WASHINGTON, OR I WILL EXPOSE YOU," PATTERSON ANNOUNCED  
(SEE *The Nameless Man* ON OPPOSITE PAGE)

# THE NAMELESS MAN

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**—After a train delay at Atlanta, Georgia, Dwight Tilghman, a Californian, is found dead. When examination proves that he has been murdered by oxalic acid dissolved in brandy, Julian Barclay, a fellow traveler, secretly hunts for the brandy flask he had lent Tilghman, but is unable to locate it. A Japanese, Yoshido Ito, is suspected of the crime, but is released for lack of evidence. Before he leaves the train, he draws for Barclay the pattern of the latter's missing flask. Barclay discovers, in his pocket, the miniature of a beautiful girl. At the inquest, all Tilghman's train companions are exonerated, although Barclay is not able to account for his time. Barclay and Norcross are to be the house guests of the Ogdens in Washington. There, Barclay recognizes in Ethel Ogden, a cousin of his hosts, the original of the miniature, although she denies having had one painted. Barclay, Norcross, and Patterson, a Representative from California, are all of them interested in the girl, the latter having asked her to marry him. At a reception at the Japanese Embassy, Barclay discovers a flask identical to his, containing some liquid, and appropriates it. Barclay plans to tell Ethel of his love, and she has just agreed to accept his jade ring when Ogden interrupts to tell Barclay that Ethel is engaged to James Patterson. Ethel receives a letter from her mother, who, believing she has a clue in connection with the Tilghman murder, encloses the sketch of a hand pouring powder into a cup, which she had spied while walking through the train-shed in Atlanta on the day of the tragedy. The ring on one of the fingers is unmistakably Barclay's. In the meantime, Barclay goes over the tragedy with Dr. Leonard McLane, and tells him that the flask he found at the Japanese Embassy contained merely sake, a Japanese drink. Patterson is interested in Barclay because he vaguely associates something disagreeable with him which he cannot place. The midnight before this chapter opens, Ethel sees Barclay at the mantel placing something in a jar, which proves, on investigation, to be a miniature of herself. Norcross joins her and together they see Barclay climb out of the window, and hear his voice which says: "Ito, I tell you I have no more money to spare."

## CHAPTER XII

**M**RS. OGDEN was bored, and when bored her temper was apt to prove uncertain. Only Professor Norcross and her husband had appeared for breakfast. The latter had persisted in discussing politics and the money market, two things which she abhorred, and she had seen them depart with a sense of relief. She had left the dining-room, shortly after, to interview the florist's assistant, who had come to decorate the house for her dinner that evening.

The interview was longer than she anticipated, and several times she called upon Julian Barclay, who had entered the reception-hall while the discussion was still going on, to settle knotty points in the arrangement of palms and flowers.

"Do sit down, Julian," Mrs. Ogden switched her comfortable arm-chair back from the table. "You have been prancing up and down this hall until my nerves are quite on edge."

"I beg your pardon, Cousin Jane," exclaimed Barclay contritely. "I wasn't aware that my restlessness bothered you." He stopped before the carved mantelpiece. "I thought you had a Dresden jar on either side of the clock," he remarked, raising the piece of china in his hand and glancing critically inside it.

"So I had, but that lazy, worthless parlor-maid broke the other one when dusting this morning."

"Broke it!" gasped Barclay, and the jar he held almost slipped from his grasp.

"Take care," Mrs. Ogden jumped. "Do put down that jar, Julian; I cannot afford to lose both," she entreated. "Yes, the maid broke the other, and had the audacity to say that it was cracked, in the first place." Mrs. Ogden sniffed.

"Too bad!" murmured Barclay, looking regretfully at the jar, and, not hearing her last remark, "It's a shame to lose the pair. Perhaps I can cement the pieces together for you."

"Oh, could you?" Mrs. Ogden spoke more hopefully. "I had them all collected and placed in this box."

"Let me see them." Barclay came over to the table and, opening the box, spread the broken china before him; even the smallest piece did not escape his scrutiny. "Are these all?" he asked, and Mrs. Ogden actually started at the sharpness of his tone.

"I imagine so. Why, don't they fit?"

"The big pieces do," assembling them together as he spoke. "Was there, by chance, anything in the jar?"

"Anything in the jar?" repeated Mrs. Ogden. "No. Nothing was ever kept in either of them."

Barclay thoughtfully returned the china to the box. "I shall have to ask the maid if she picked up all the pieces."

"You can't do that because she has gone."

"Gone?" he fairly snapped, staring blankly at his cousin.

"Certainly," tartly. "You don't think I'm going to keep a bull-in-the-china-shop in my employ do you, with all my valuable bric-a-brac? No, indeed."

Barclay replaced the cover on the box before speaking again. "I can't blame you for firing her," he said. "There's nothing more aggravating than losing an article you value—through carelessness—cursed carelessness," he added with suppressed bitterness, and Mrs. Ogden stared at him in surprise.

**I**T'S good of you, Julian, to take so much interest in my jar," she said, much pleased. "And sometime when you are not busy, if you will stick the jar together \* \* \*

"Surely, surely," he broke in. "Could you give me the girl's full name and address, Cousin Jane, she \* \* \*

"Don't tell me she has stolen something from you," exclaimed Mrs. Ogden, interrupting in her turn.

"No, no," Barclay moved restlessly. "Quite the contrary, she laundered some handkerchiefs for me, and I'd like to send her a tip."

"Very thoughtful of you," commented Mrs. Ogden dryly. "She can take that tip out in my broken jar. Rose was a better laundress than a parlor-maid, although Mrs. Leonard McLane gave her an excellent reference. Don't you want any breakfast?"

Presently, after insisting that Barclay have some breakfast, Mrs. Ogden went up-stairs. Barclay found the dining-room deserted, and only half-heartedly ate the tempting dishes set before him. Inquiry from the butler had elicited the news that Walter Ogden and Professor Norcross had breakfasted and gone down-town, some time before.

"Has Miss Ogden been down?" he finally asked the butler, who hovered behind his chair.

"No, sor, she is after breakfastin' in her room. Another muffin, sor?" holding the bread-plate coaxingly before him. Barclay was a favorite with the servants.

"No more, thanks." Barclay pushed back his plate.

"Has Rose, the parlor-maid, left the house yet?"

"Yes, sor. I saw her go over an hour ago, sor."

"Can you tell me her full name and address?"

"Rose O'Day, sor. She wint direct to the station, sor, an' I understood her to say she was goin' to her home in New York; but I dunno her exact address. I'll ax the cook, sor, if you wish."

"Do so;" and Barclay, picking up the morning paper, listlessly read its contents. Charles was back in a short time.

"She lives somewhere in Cohoes, near Troy, N. Y., sor; but the cook doesn't know her house address."

"Thanks," Barclay, concealing his disappointment, slipped a tip into Charles' ready hand. "Is luncheon to be at the usual hour?"

"Half an hour earlier, sor." Charles started to clear the table as Barclay rose. "Mrs. Ogden has engaged extra

help for the dinner to-night, and I have to show them the silver and things, sor."

"I hope the new servants all come highly recommended," remarked Barclay, with sarcastic emphasis which the manservant never noticed. "Mrs. Ogden's handsome silver and jewels would be a temptation, a grave temptation."

"Yes, sor." The butler looked considerably startled. "The extra footmen come from the caterer, sor. Will you take the paper, sor?"

"No, I've read it," and stuffing his hands into his pockets, Barclay left the room. In the hall, he went direct to the mantel and stared dully at the remaining Dresden jar. Inwardly, he anathematized the absent-mindedness which had cost him the loss of his most precious possession.

HAD Rose, the parlor-maid, seen Ethel's miniature before she broke the china jar, and stolen it, or had the miniature also been destroyed in the fall? The latter hardly seemed likely, for he had found no trace of bits of broken glass or ivory among the china. She might have accidentally broken the miniature and stolen the gold case, but, even then, there would have been some ivory or glass picked up in the debris. Barclay sighed heavily. Undoubtedly, the girl had stolen the miniature, for what reason he could not imagine, and the best plan which suggested itself to him was to go to Cohoes and try to find her.

On his way to his bedroom, Barclay paused in front of Walter Ogden's den and listened. Had Ethel taken up her customary post in the den? The tinkle of the telephone bell sounded behind the closed door, and he heard her voice answering the call. A great yearning to see her swept over him, and he raised his hand to knock at the closed door; but his muscles contracted at a sudden thought, and his knuckles touched the mahogany so lightly that no sound followed the contact. With a gesture of despair, he continued his way down the corridor.

Barclay's presence outside the door had not gone undetected. Ethel, one hand resting on the desk, waited breathlessly as his familiar footsteps sounded down the corridor, and stopped before the den. Would he come in? Her sad eyes brightened at the thought. Instinctively, she answered the telephone's abrupt summons, and, as she received the Central's apologetic: "Wrong number," she heard Barclay's retreating footsteps, and turned wearily back to her work.

As the morning wore on, her attention wandered, and, throwing down her pen in despair, she took from the top drawer of her typewriting desk a small object, and, removing the chamois, looked at her miniature.

ALL through the sleepless night, when her tired brain refused to refute or accept the evidence of Julian Barclay's complicity in the poisoning of Dwight Tilghman, and agonizing sobs shook her, the touch of the miniature under her pillow had brought a ray of comfort. Julian Barclay had treasured her miniature, had kissed it—Ethel had slipped the miniature out of its chamois-covering, and fallen into fitful slumber holding it against her white cheek.

Ethel took a magnifying glass out of her drawer and examined the miniature. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, and the likeness extraordinary. Her wonder grew. She had known Julian Barclay only a little over two weeks; it hardly seemed possible that the miniature could have been painted and framed in that time. She studied the gold case with interest, but it bore no name or initials, and, turning it this way and that, she attempted to open it. Finally convinced that it was tightly soldered in place, she laid the miniature down and toyed with her pencil, in deep thought.

If, as she imagined, Julian Barclay had left the miniature in the jar that it might not be broken in his window-climbing, why had he not stopped, on his return, and looked for it in the jar? Instead, he had gone immediately upstairs. Could it be that he had seen her and Professor Norcross and dared not loiter in the hall?

The idea brought a lump to Ethel's throat. If so, it was but one more evidence of his guilt. That he was guilty

there could be no doubt—his own words to Ito at their clandestine meeting proved a secret understanding and bribery. Ito, a fugitive from justice, would not have risked exposure by entering the Ogden residence unless the matter had been one of desperate importance. Probably her appearance down-stairs had frightened him away, and Julian Barclay, not having seen the cause of his flight, had gone in pursuit to tell the Japanese—what?—that he had no more money to spare. The inference was all too plain.

With slow, unwilling fingers, Ethel summed up the evidence against Julian Barclay on the paper pad before her. He was a passenger on the train with Dwight Tilghman; he was the last person known to have seen Dwight Tilghman alive; he had lied when stating that he had been sight-seeing about Atlanta at the time the crime was committed; the incriminating sketch and information her mother had sent her; and, as if that was not enough, only a few short hours before, she and Professor Norcross had seen him meet Yoshida Ito, the supposed murderer, clandestinely, and had heard his words: "No more money to spare," implying, of course, that he had furnished the Japanese with sums in the past. Hush money!

Ethel, through a blur of tears, stared before her; then, in a sudden revulsion of feeling, she tore into tiny bits the paper on which she had been writing. Where she had given her love, she had given her loyalty. Evidence might be against Julian Barclay, but a motive for the crime was missing.

DASHING the tears from her eyes, she again examined the miniature by aid of the magnifying glass. Suddenly, her conversation with Barclay at the Japanese Embassy reception flashed into her mind; had that inspired him to have her miniature painted? She knew of no one else who would have gone to the expense, except possibly James Patterson, and she felt confident that he would not have done it without first speaking to her. No, Julian Barclay must have had the painting executed; the act itself fitted in with his romantic, quixotic courtship of her. There only remained the question of time—could the miniature have been painted in the short time she had known him?

Carrying the miniature over to the light, Ethel almost stared her painted prototype out of countenance; then wrinkled her forehead in a puzzled frown. She had discovered another startling fact—every detail of the gown she was wearing in the miniature was unfamiliar; she had never owned or worn one like it!

A loud knock at the door awoke her from her bewilderment.

"Luncheon is served, Miss Ethel," announced Charles, opening the door in response to her call.

"I'll be right down; tell Mrs. Ogden not to wait for me," and, as she spoke, Ethel replaced the chamois about the miniature and laid it in her desk drawer, alongside Julian Barclay's jade ring. Pausing only long enough to arrange her curly hair, and pinch some color into her cheeks, she hastened down to the dining-room.

"Only a light lunch, Ethel," said Mrs. Ogden, as Professor Norcross rose and pulled back her chair. "Walter telephoned he would not be back from the Capitol, and Julian hasn't appeared."

"He's comin' now, Mrs. Ogden," volunteered the butler; and Barclay appeared a second later.

Barclay's words of apology were addressed to Mrs. Ogden, but his eyes sought Ethel as a needle seeks the magnet. The dining-room was not well lighted, and he failed to catch her expression as she returned his greeting; but under cover of Mrs. Ogden's incessant talk, his glance stole, again and again, to the silent girl on his right. Mrs. Ogden at last awoke to the increasing darkness, as wind clouds obscured the sunshine, and directed Charles to switch on the electric lights, to Barclay's secret satisfaction. He never wearied of looking at Ethel.

"By the way, Julian, why did you disappear so mysteriously last night?" inquired Mrs. Ogden. "You did not come to my supper party."



"I owe you a thousand apologies," exclaimed Barclay, flushing. "I confess I never gave it a thought, Cousin Jane;" and at sight of her offended look, he added hastily: "I hope that you will pardon my absent-mindedness when I tell you that, among the crowd leaving the theater, I saw Yoshida Ito."

WHO is he?" asked Mrs. Ogden. "Oh, now I recollect; the Jap who poisoned Dwight Tilghman?"

"Exactly. And wishing to hand him over to the police, I gave chase."

"And did you catch him?" demanded his cousin breathlessly.

"No, worse luck! He eluded me in the crowd and disappeared in the direction of the Mall."

"Good heavens! We might all have been murdered in our beds!" Mrs. Ogden turned a stricken face to the agitated butler. "Any silver missing, Charles?"

"No, madam, not a piece; I've just been after accountin' of it," he stammered. "I locked up the house as usual."

"Probably that girl, Rose, was a confederate," Mrs. Ogden apparently ignored Charles' contribution. "That was why she was so agitated this morning. I'll notify the police. Could you identify the burglar, Julian?"

Barclay cracked a nut before answering. "I couldn't see very well in the half light," he said, "but do you know, the man, in size and quickness, reminded me of Ito—"

Ethel and Norcross exchanged glances across the table.

"Didn't you see the intruder face to face?" asked Norcross, breaking the pause.



"I HOPE YOU WILL ALWAYS COME TO ME, ETHEL, TO LET ME TRY TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS"

"Did you find any further trace of the Japanese?" inquired Ethel, breaking her long silence; and her voice sounded unnatural to her own ears.

"No." Barclay moved a tall glass compote containing nuts, so that he could look directly at her. "No. I wandered about that part of the city, questioned the policeman on duty there, and came home. Do you know, Cousin Jane," helping himself to a walnut, "that you had a burglar here last night—"

"What!" Mrs. Ogden's fork fell with a clatter into her plate, and her usually rosy cheeks turned pale.

"Fact." Barclay's serene smile widened at seeing the concentrated attention which Ethel and Professor Norcross were giving him. "I suppose my sudden and unexpected glimpse of the Japanese, Ito, excited me, for I could not sleep, and sat up reading. I thought I heard a window open, and stole down-stairs just in time to see a man vault through the hall window."

"No. I could not catch up with him," answered Barclay lightly, and only Ethel's look of agony stayed the rejoinder on Norcross' lips.

### CHAPTER XIII

PROFESSOR NORCROSS laid aside the late edition of the "Times," and took the three-cornered note handed him by Mrs. Ogden's maid with a word of thanks. But on closing the door of his bedroom, he lost no time in unfolding the note-paper, and read the words with eagerness:

DEAR PROFESSOR:—I must have a word with you before the other guests arrive. I will be in the library at seven-thirty. Please be there.  
In haste,  
ETHEL OGDEN.

Norcross laid the note on his bureau and consulted his watch; then, rushing to his closet, dragged out his dress

[Continued on page 24]

# SWEET CHARIOT

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

Illustrated by DONALD S. HUMPHREYS



HIS is the story of Wiley Dawson who was so thoroughly alive that he crackled—of Ethel who bought lip rouge at cut-rate drug-stores—and of Stuart Lee who was wise without bitterness, and who could make beaten biscuits.

Wiley Dawson had come to a big, snappy city of lake water and automobile factories from an Alabama farm. When he left home, cotton was all shot to pieces. The barn needed a new roof and Father Dawson's overcoat was as green across the shoulders as a mossy old tree. Also, Mother Dawson was in need of some new teeth. So Wiley came, bringing with him a mop of curly hair under a limp felt hat, and certain ingrained ideas concerning hot biscuits for breakfast.

In two months he had sheared his leisurely locks, bought a pert black derby, and learned to eat cold yeast bread without grumbling. Also, he had acquired the trick of bouncing in and out of rooms and opening doors with a jerk; and the nervous, clipped diction of the office where he wrote addresses on little cards had shortened the drawling good-nature of his speech.

Then it was that he sat down and wrote letters home bragging about the stupendous output of his particular automobile factory, and arguing that in a live town nobody had time to say "Howdy-do!" to every man who passed him on the street. He boasted that the shows ran wide open on Sunday, and that you didn't know the people who lived in the same house with you—there wasn't time in this city of speed!

At night when he came home to the Addison apartments, where snow lay on the window-sills, and dirty vagabond sparrows came and pecked at the glass, he thrust away relentlessly the brief little wave of loneliness which always came over him as he opened the door of his back room and sniffed the oily breath of the radiator. He guillotined, with the keen knife of youthful braggadocio, the silly little memories of magnolia leaves glistening with frost, and red birds fighting in darkened, pulpy honeysuckle—of smoky hills and the holy incense of hot spoon bread and pork sausage.

He was a live fellow—with no time for such junk. At home they were dead and did not know it!

And then Wiley met Ethel.

ETHEL counted pills in a big drug factory. All day she sat on a stool and slid green pellets down the maw of a wise little machine which clicked competently whenever a dozen had been swallowed. But at night she put on a brown gown with fur on the collar, and thrust her hands into a muff as big as a Bermuda onion, and, teetering on high-heeled boots, tripped forth in search of amusement.

Wiley met Ethel at a dance. He had been induced to go by the young fellow who occupied the other half of his desk. Wiley wrote the addresses on the card-file. The man opposite filled in the amounts of the sales. It was an efficient system—efficient in that it reduced a man to the mechanical accuracy of a machine. Wiley never thought about his job while he was working at it. He flipped the cards deftly out of their alphabeted niches, and thought about what he would eat for lunch and whether he could afford a silk shirt. Sometimes he thought a little about home, and wondered if they had killed the red sow and how much lard she rendered. After his partner suggested the dance, he thought about that. And then he went—and met Ethel.

Ethel knew how to buy things at the ten-cent stores—net and cheap lace and little beaded trimmings—which,

when they were made up, looked exactly like the horribly expensive things that were displayed on the Avenue. From her German mother, she had inherited a precise artistry with the needle, and whenever she appeared at a dance her frock always fluffed at exactly the right angle, and showed, through soft lace and bands of ribbon, just the proper glimpse of white shoulders and round neck.

To the other girls, she looked like three dollars and ninety cents. But to the unsophisticated eyes of Wiley, she shimmered with costliness like a jeweler's window. He danced with her once. And then the miraculous lightness of her feet, and the pungent sauciness of her speech fascinating him, he danced with her as often as she would let him, and walked home with her after the orchestra had blatted wearily through "pleasures and palaces."

Ethel's home was in one of those great citadels which society has erected to defend little pill-counters and hair-pin-sellers from the fangs of a wicked world—a home for working girls. Before they reached it, Ethel confided to Wiley that she hated it—that the rooms were all exactly alike, like cells in a jail, and that they would not let you tack a picture on the wall. What was the use of having a home-loving disposition when you have to live in a spot ten-feet square, hemmed around with a million rules?

Wiley agreed that there was no use at all. And all the way back to the Addison apartments he thought about Ethel. It certainly was tough on a nice, refined girl!

HE wondered what his mother would do in a place like that—his mother who saved every rag and old letter, and had a bulging attic full of feather beds, and dried peppers, and walnuts, and old patterns? A girl ought to have a home—a girl like that!

For the first time, as he turned the key in his own door, he permitted the aversion he always felt to persist. Such a place to live—steamy, nauseating smells—a lingering, accusing fragrance of the coffee he had boiled by stealth that morning—a soiled collar suspended on the head of the bed, and the bureau cover, very much crumpled under a crooked line of photographs! It was a mess! Sometimes when he had been very tired, and the drifting soot and dirty windows had annoyed him particularly, he had permitted himself to wonder, for an instant, what his mother would think of it—his mother who aired all the bed-clothes on the upper gallery until the old house looked like a barkentine ready to sail! But to-night he wondered what Ethel would think of it.

Wiley found himself wondering what the three-room apartment at the front rented for. Only that morning he had heard the office manager say that a single man never got ahead or saved anything! Thinking in this vein, he crawled into bed with his socks on because his Alabama feet persisted in retaining much of the frost of northern pavements. To-morrow night he would take Ethel to the movies.

Ethel in her brown dress with the fur collar turned up almost to her lips, in her little hat like a chocolate bonbon with an orange veil floating behind, and her ridiculous muff, was every whit as fascinating as Ethel in a frilly, frothy thing. A man could be proud of Ethel? She had more style than anybody on the street.

Wiley thrilled with a vain sense of ownership when men looked after her in the street, and hot little tingles shot over him as she pressed intimately against his arm in the dark theater, and squeezed his fingers at exciting periods in the film. But when he came back to his room, he sat down on the bed in the dark, and wondered if she really had expected him to kiss her good night? The

southern girls—but then he had left all that slow, prudish patter behind— What a gump—what a greeny she must have thought him, not to do it!

To-morrow night he would kiss her.

And he did.

After he kissed her he came in, very late, and sat down in the dark, his hat on the back of his head. He felt strangely uneasy — not happy as a man who had been permitted to kiss Ethel ought to feel—and not exactly unhappy. He was worried. He would marry Ethel now, of course. And the salary they paid him at the office just barely paid his own expenses and left an occasional dollar to be tucked into an Alabama letter. He would have to get more money, that was all.

AND then he found himself wondering what his mother would think about Ethel. Of course, in a live town, all the girls put that drug-store stuff on their faces. Rice powder might be all right for a slow little southern burg, but, in a big place, a girl has to keep up appearances. His mother would realize that. She was a sensible woman. Maybe she would send them a box of preserves, and a bottle or two of muscadine wine. He wouldn't buy that silk shirt. He really ought to put some money in the bank this pay-day. It was always a good idea to have something saved ahead, even for one's self.

And so he fell asleep.

On the next night he called at the home for working girls. Ethel had gone out. He saw her, later in the evening, coming out of a dance-hall with a round-faced young man in a fuzzy blue hat.

All the way back to his room, Wiley walked with head down, his chilled fingers thrust violently into the depths of his pockets. What a cold, sordid, money-chasing burg this town was! The men he met wore faces of flint. The women were as painted tin, hollow and heartless. Everything reeked sickeningly of money.



"EXCUSE ME," STAMMERED WILEY, BLUSHING A FRECKLY STRAWBERRY HUE, "I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE A MIDDLE-AGED, MOTHERLY PERSON"

He flung himself into his room, shuddering at the close smother of it. He opened the window, but the icy air surged up from the alley, bitter and biting, cutting to the very marrow of his unaccustomed bones. So he slammed it down again and sat down beside it, staring out into the wintry dark.

And by some nostalgic alchemy, the black roofs and frozen cobbles below melted away. He could see hills—smoky hills with gray-blue fogs lying on their breasts, and, here and there, the flame of a standing sumac bush. He



could see persimmon trees, nude and silvered, with little frosted fruits stuck like raisins on every twig. He could smell wood-fires in remote cabins, and the friendly aroma of frying bacon. He could hear singing—singing—he sat up—The singing was real!

Through the hindering wall, it came sifting faintly, a woman's voice, low, throaty, and with a richness in it that tore at Wiley's heart like a pain. The last time he heard his mother sing, her voice had sounded something like this.

"Swing low—sweet chariot—"

Wiley bit his lip and twisted a button on his vest until it rolled, an outraged disc, upon the floor.

"Comin' for to carry me home—"

WITH two steps, he had his door open. But the hall was dark, and only the faint drip of water in the bath-room broke the stillness. A faint line of light lay under the door next to his—a door he had never before looked at. But the singing had stopped, and the door stared blankly at him, a mere rectangle of paneling and hardware. He turned back into his room and pulled his clothes off slowly in the darkness, every bone of him aching.

At home now they were plowing. And his mother would be setting hens and planting onions.

"Comin' for to carry me home—"

Wiley Dawson awoke to a chill, blue winter's dawn with that sickening sense of realization with which one encounters troubles forgotten overnight. He sat up in bed and tucked his half-frozen feet under him for warmth, disgust rampant in every line of him, from the cynical twist of his mouth, to the stiff disarray of his close-cropped hair.

Of course, the radiator was cold. It always was—mornings! Frost lay on the windows like paint. A smoky wreath trailed like a pennant into the air whenever he breathed. Reluctantly, he thrust one exploring foot to the floor. The matting was like wet tin, slick and chill. He pushed the other out and huddled on the edge of the bed, the blankets hugged around his shoulders.

And then through the wall came the song again—livelier this time, and with a busy lilt to it as though the singer worked happily while she sang,

"I look over yonder and what do I see?"

And with the music came a hauntingly familiar sound—a light, thumping, beating sound, repeated blithely, a sound of home! Somebody was beating biscuits! Beaten biscuits—of the south—southern!

WILEY snatched up his drabbed old bath-robe and thrust his blue feet into sandals. Without ceremony, he bounced out into the hall and thumped on the door of the next room, a good-looking young lunatic with hungry, boyish eyes.

The door opened. A girl stood there—a girl with brown eyes, and hair that curled rebelliously.

"Excuse me," stammered Wiley, blushing a freckly strawberry hue. "I heard you beating biscuits—I thought you might be a middle-aged, motherly person. I'm from the south—"

The girl smiled. She wore a prim little blue serge suit with a white collar, but Wiley saw that her hands were floury, and that she held a white apron behind her back. Across the room, in a little corner kitchenette, a bread-board jauntily graced the top of the radiator, a sheet of dough upon it.

"Oh," said the girl, "you are the man in the next room, aren't you? I've noticed you going in."

She had noticed him. And he had never so much as dreamed that she existed. Tragedy!

She looked him over—bare ankles and rumpled head and frowsy bath-robe. "I can't invite you in," she said, "but when the biscuits are done, I'll bring you some for your breakfast. I have to beat them a lot yet."

"My mother beats hers forty minutes," counseled Wiley. "They are great!"

"They have time to do things in—down there," she observed. "I have to hurry so. But mine are very good."

"I'll bet they are!" stated Wiley with surprising ardor. Back in his room, he dressed rapidly and with painful care. He lit his little alcohol lamp and set his coffee on to boil.

Many times he had grumbled at the poverty which compelled him to cook in secret in a corner of the closet. He could not even afford to rent a kitchenette such as the girl had. But this morning, shared with the singer beyond the wall, his culinary adventures became a lark. The coffee took on the aroma of Arcady. Before that, it had smelled like sterilizing rubber overshoes. He brought his little dab of butter out of the collar-box and some bananas and eggs from the suit-case under the bed. The eggs sputtered odorously in the little tin frying-pan. Breakfast was ready. Now for the beaten biscuits!

They came!

They were creamy-golden, puffy and crisp. They had little fork holes in the middle. They were piping hot. A little white doily was under them, and an old blue plate which fairly exuded history from a hundred little brown cracks, under that.

He wondered what part of the south she came from. He meant to ask her. There were many things he meant to ask her—chiefest of all, how had she dwelt for even a day under the same roof, hidden from him only by a mere bulk of joists and plaster and paper, undiscovered. He would see her again. He had to take the plate back.

He took it back that night. And through the fifteen-inch crack of the door which the girl accorded to the conventions, he learned that her name was Stuart Lee Pendexter—that she was from Virginia, and that she taught domestic science in the Ferris High School.

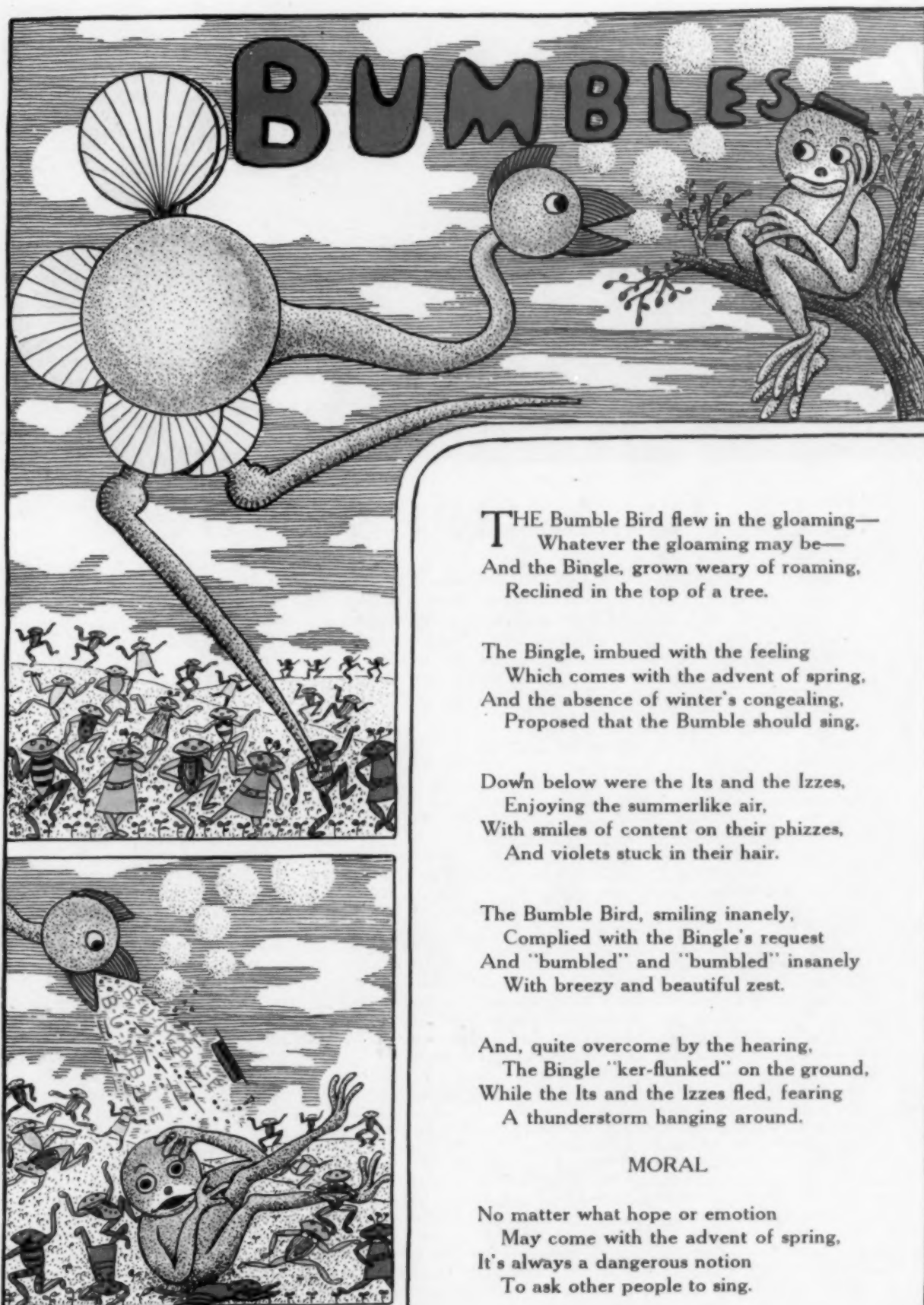
EVERY morning after that, the blue plate sat before Wiley's door. Sometimes there were muffins on it, their fat sides splitting with richness. Sometimes an obese pone of corn-bread was hidden under the doily. Wiley, feasting from the wash-stand, found himself cravenly remembering Ethel with lessening thrill. He had not seen her since the episode of the young man with the blue hat, and, for some strange reason, whenever he recalled her carefully perfected loveliness, his traitorous eyes would behold brown hair with coppery lights in it, and brown eyes with a slumbering light from off the southern hills. His conscience hurt him over this. For though Wiley had assimilated much of the febrile recklessness which permeates, like deadly bacteria, the uneasy air of a live town, he had not yet exchanged his four-square and ponderous sense of honor, salvaged from the beautiful, dying ethics of a chivalrous land, for the effervescent lightness with which the newer masculine generation regards women.

To Wiley, a kiss was a kiss—a solemn thing and binding. No gentleman would evade the obligation of it. He would go to see Ethel, of course—in a day or two! But, in the meantime, the winter was slipping away. The breath of the blizzard softened into what the lake-water city called the "February thaw." The sun waxed lenient and thrust a few warming fingers through the gray veil of smoke and frost that held the upper air. The snow melted from the pavements. Roofs wept sootily, and the cold little sparrows drew their toes out of their feathers and congregated gratefully in sunny places.

Wiley's Alabama nostrils could almost detect the promise of upturned earth in the air. To him, the yellowing sun meant the covenant of spring. He did not realize as did the icy, water-bound city, how many weary northerners must blow before the land should awake. At home, now, the tulips would be up! And his mother had young chickens peeping in the sunny south door of the barn, undoubtedly!

All this he confided to Stuart Lee through the crack of her door. Stuart Lee understood. She knew how the

[Continued on page 90]



THE Bumble Bird flew in the gloaming—  
 Whatever the gloaming may be—  
 And the Bingle, grown weary of roaming,  
 Reclined in the top of a tree.

The Bingle, imbued with the feeling  
 Which comes with the advent of spring,  
 And the absence of winter's congealing,  
 Proposed that the Bumble should sing.

Down below were the Its and the Izzes,  
 Enjoying the summerlike air,  
 With smiles of content on their phizzes,  
 And violets stuck in their hair.

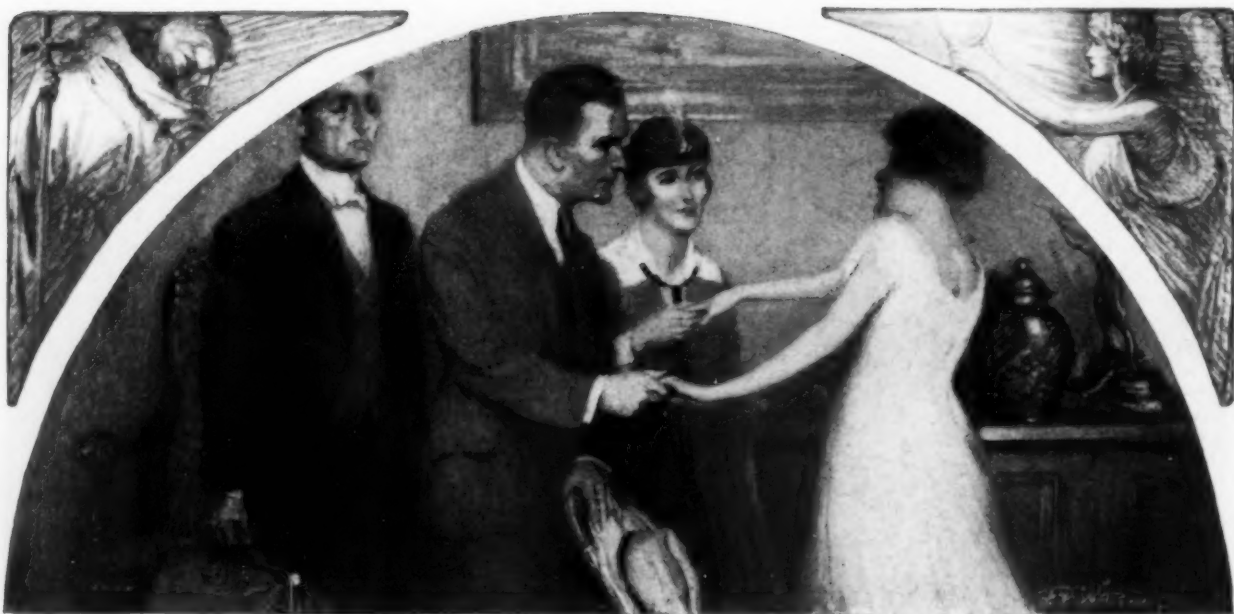
The Bumble Bird, smiling inanely,  
 Complied with the Bingle's request  
 And "bumbled" and "bumbled" insantly  
 With breezy and beautiful zest.

And, quite overcome by the hearing,  
 The Bingle "ker-flunked" on the ground,  
 While the Its and the Izzes fled, fearing  
 A thunderstorm hanging around.

#### MORAL

No matter what hope or emotion  
 May come with the advent of spring,  
 It's always a dangerous notion  
 To ask other people to sing.

FREDERICK WHITE



## KEEPING OPEN HOUSE

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

**W**HEN a business woman marries and gives up her work, she expects to suffer somewhat from the change. I suppose I was just a creature of routine when I married, and yet I do not believe that it was wholly my fault. Ever since I arrived at the age of five, and started kindergarten, I had kept regular hours with definite tasks for those hours. School was followed immediately by work, and life for twenty-three years was pretty much an affair of routine. I never had the luxury of considering what I was going to do at a particular time—that was always decided for me—and the days were an endless race, with me at the tail-end trying to catch up. I married, and the world—my world—underwent a complete transformation.

Perhaps if I had married a poor man and had had to work very hard, my portion might have been much as before; but since I married a man who was well-to-do, I settled into my new life with an experienced cook and a laundress, and, naturally, I had very little to do. Cut and dried as my habits had been, I rather liked the idea of this care-free existence, with my hours absolutely unhampered.

Joe and I were gone a month on our honeymoon-trip, and the very day we arrived home a flood of visitors began to pour in on us. Now that I was a lady of leisure, they came at any hour, morning, afternoon or evening, and I, of course, as a bride, had always to be properly dressed and in a welcoming mood. From ten-thirty in the morning my days were not my own, and for a month I hardly had time to see to the routine of my household. It took me thirty days of just such an existence to begin to realize what a popular person my husband was. Invariably, the callers who came in the daytime were his friends, not mine. My friends were all business people, chained to their desks all day, making calls, infrequently, and only in the evenings.

Three or four times during the first month in our new home, Joe brought people home to dinner with him, a rather miscellaneous collection it seemed to me, consisting of an old lady who seemed very fond of him, a bashful, shabby boy of nineteen, thin and weak-looking, a fat, prosperous, red-checked man in a checked suit, with "salesman"

written all over him, and a little girl who lived down the street a block away. I do not mean that they all came at once; Joe brought them home with him one at a time.

At the end of the month, I was called to the telephone early one morning.

"That you, dearie?" asked Joe. "Well, I have just sent the Astors up to the house, just the two of them, old friends of mine. They are going to stay over the weekend. Make them comfortable, won't you?"

The "Astors" sounded promising to me. I knew that my husband had some really exceptional friends, just the kind of people one wanted to know, and the name suggested possibilities. But when the Astors arrived, they proved to be a rather drab and uninteresting couple. Mrs. Astor was a meek, pale, faded blonde, well-dressed, very quiet, much given to reading. She read all afternoon while Mr. Astor wrote letters. I sat between them, feeling much like a jailer; imprisoned myself, rather. I didn't feel that I could go out, but certainly I didn't find much entertainment there at home. Gradually, I began to regret having missed my matinee, and resented it.

**W**HEN Joe came home, both of the Astors seemed galvanized into life; Mrs. Astor stopped reading and talked, her cheeks grew pink, and she blossomed, in some miraculous kind of way, until she was almost pretty. Mr. Astor didn't change as much, but his eyes would follow Joe with something in them that seemed like devotion. The Astors stayed three days, and I was heartily glad when they left. I had been a dutiful hostess and had attended to their needs, which—fortunately—were not many, but, of course, I had to remain at home with them continuously, and their very presence chafed me.

They went on Monday, and as Mrs. Astor said goodbye to me she added: "You lucky woman, with such a husband."

Naturally, I assented as a bride should, and I really felt the truth of her statement, only, by that time, I had begun to wonder whether my husband meant to keep on bringing in stray visitors to dinner, and having such uninteresting



people out for week-ends. Of course, I did not intend to complain. Joe had given me every luxury he could afford, and it did seem only reasonable that I should do a few things for him in return.

The next few weeks were rather quiet ones, interrupted only by Joe's relatives who dropped in frequently and seemed to take it as a matter of course that they were to stay for dinner, or lunch, or over night, as it suited their fancy. I didn't mind them so much, but what I resented keenly was the idea of their dropping in just when it suited them. There were three of them who came often, Myrtle and Katherine Wells, and a young man, John Walters, all cousins of Joe's. They all lived out of town, and their visits to us were mainly in the nature of conveniences for themselves. The girls came in for a dance and stayed over, as a matter of course, with us; or John did when the girl he escorted lived too far away for him to get home at a reasonable hour.

Then, Joe's Aunt Rogurta, a maiden lady living with a brother in a house full of children, and working hard as she could there to help out the harassed mother, usually rushed in just as we were about to sit down to a meal, exclaiming:

"I couldn't stand that house just another minute; please give me something to eat and an hour's quiet." And, after dinner or lunch, she would settle herself with a book and an air of bliss, and read for an hour, or two, or three. I was amused the first time this happened, but when the incident repeated itself for four weeks at the rate of twice a week, I began to tire of it. And then, one evening, I planned quite a ceremonious little dinner for just another couple—one of the girls who had been at my office and her husband. I was proud of my fine home, and I wanted to impress Edna; so I had an extra menu and little favors for the four of us, and put the best shaded candles on the table, and the most elaborate silver. Just as we were about to sit down, I heard Aunt Rogurta's voice in the hall talking to the laundress who had let her in:

"—and I just couldn't stand that house another minute," she said, pushing open the dining-room door. "Oh, you have company, Joe!"

Jovially, Joe got up, at once, and gave his aunt his chair. He squeezed in another for himself—alas for my table and my decorations! Set for four, the table would have been just right. For five, it was crowded and haphazard and messy. Edna was much amused—I could see that—and I was secretly chagrined. It did seem to me that Aunt Rogurta was taking advantage of us and should have gone home. And I said so to Joe when the guests had gone.

"Why," said Joe, eyeing me with a look I did not like at all, "she was tired out with that lot of youngsters, and the change did her good."

"She gets tired out pretty often," I flung back.

"She doesn't make any trouble, really," he said. "The meal is always there."

"Yes," I replied ungraciously, "and so am I, I suppose, whenever she happens to want me." That didn't represent the real state of affairs at all, but I was angry and went up-stairs to go over it all in my mind; my efforts to impress Edna and her husband, and her amusement at my discomfiture—that was the way I put it. It wasn't a very generous way to think of a friend, but then my idea of showing off was not a generous one, either. I looked into the glass and pouted. Here was I, successfully married to a well-to-do man, and I didn't seem to be able to make much of it. The house, even, being used so much and by so many people never had the air I wanted for it, the air of exclusiveness—of hospitality, of course, but the hospitality that drew a strict line as to where it began and

ended; and I had very definite ideas as to how far that line should extend. I said no more about Aunt Rogurta, and neither did Joe, for the time being, but one evening a few days later he told me a great deal about his family.

Aunt Rogurta, it seemed, had been engaged to a very handsome, very brilliant naval officer, who secured leave of absence to join an exploring expedition, from which he had never returned. And no trace of him had ever been found. Aunt Rogurta, instead of mourning, had thrown herself into helping out this sister with whom she now lived, the sister with seven children and just enough money to keep things going. Even Aunt Rogurta's money was freely bestowed on the family, and, although she had a comfortable income, the children's illnesses and one very serious operation for the mother had kept her poor. It was a touching story, and I felt a lurking admiration for Aunt Rogurta; but, still, I didn't see why I should be called upon to give her a vacation whenever she wanted it, although I said nothing of the kind to Joe.

I received my next surprise when I was telling Joe of Alice Nolan. Alice worked with me one entire year and I was fond of her. I had met her on the street that day at noon and had been shocked by her white, worn face, and the tale of her recent nervous breakdown. She was really too ill to work, but yet she couldn't afford to quit. I sat in our comfortable living-room with its lovely pictures and curtains, and stretched my satin-slipped, silk-stockinged feet out on a cushioned footstool toward a roaring log-fire as I told Joe.

"That is too bad," he said.

"Yes, isn't it?" I replied, stretching out my hand for a chocolate. It was then I got the shock.

WHY don't you have her out here for a while?" asked Joe. "There is that great, sunny bedroom with the bay window, and she needn't bother with us at all except when she wants to, and she could walk in the garden and use the car whenever she wanted to go out." My hand dropped without the chocolate.

"Have her out here?" I echoed in amazement.

"Of course," said Joe; "she's a friend of yours, isn't she?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Well, then ask her to-morrow. Poor thing, she has had a hard time of it. Keep her as long as you can—six months if she needs it—and maybe we can take her out into the country by and by—there is the telephone—"

Joe went to answer it while I sat where I was, fairly stupefied. I had been thinking of Alice Nolan all day, but it had never occurred to me to take charge of her. And now I had to, whether I wanted to or not; otherwise, what would Joe think of me? And I did not want Alice, I decidedly did not.

Nevertheless, Alice came. She said it was "heavenly" of me to ask her, but I'm ashamed to say that I felt anything but "heavenly" about it. She was very, very ill, and the next six weeks I played nurse. Joe offered to get some

one to take care of Alice, but, stubbornly, I wouldn't let him. I had an idea the process would wear me out, and, incidentally, would teach him a lesson about asking sick people to his house. But, instead, I found him tenderly sympathetic with my weariness, admiring my patience and kindness in a way that made me feel ashamed of myself. When, after six weeks, Alice was well enough to go to the country, he insisted upon "making up for lost time," and we went to operas, theaters and dances. My health was excellent and had not been hurt in the least, by the nursing, and with Joe's pride in me added to all the rest, I did have an unusually good time.

[Continued on page 43]

## MEMORIES

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

The years seem birds:

Like these

They may not stay—

But where Love is

Their memories

Like flowers bloom away.



## FOR THE BRIDAL PARTY

By EVELYN TOBEY, Head of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

Illustrated by MARGUERITE and NATALIE GOUBERT



THING of pomp and splendor, and indicative of what is preeminently the mode of the hour in bridal attire, is a wedding in St. Bartholomew's, here in New York. That is why I was so eager to get a card to the Grayson nuptials, recently, and also in order that I might pass on to you some of the delightful secrets in headgear finery which I knew would be revealed.

The June bride will welcome such a veil as Miss Grayson wore (Fig. 3), since it is not in the least cumbersome, or apt to be a nuisance on a warm day. It was made of tulle, edged with a fine line design done in silver threads—just a simple Grecian or lazy-daisy border will give the desired effect—which had been arranged to look like wreaths of floating clouds. The bride's veil was dropped to a little beyond the tip of the nose, in front, in daring Turkish fashion, and was held in place by a very narrow silver ribbon tied across the middle of the forehead, and then fastened with a tiny bow at the back of the head. From this point, ribbon streamers flowed gracefully to the end of the veil, and continued on their way to the very last inch of the silver-embroidered train.

Since no distinct color scheme was carried out at this wedding—practically every variety and hue of the garden flower being evident in the decorations—the six bridesmaids had each chosen some color just a shade deeper than a pastel for costume and bonnet. The latter were all identical in style (Fig. 5). They had very wide brims, slightly mushroom in character, and were developed in Georgette crêpe, with just a touch of velvet ribbon, in addition. There was not a speck of trimming on the crown, but the brim was quite a fanciful affair. Caught all around the edge were tiny round posies of velvet in Alice-blue,

canary yellow, and rose, regardless of the dominant tone of the costume. They had straight, stiff stems which reached back to the base of the crown, where their ends were hidden by a narrow band of velvet ribbon, in the tone of the crêpe, drawn taut around and fastened in front by the daintiest little bow you ever saw. In keeping with the bride's face-veil arrangement, these hats had each an interesting maline frill which hung down about an inch or two around the edge of the brim. And, finally, graceful streamers of blue velvet ribbon, the same color for each hat, hung from underneath the crown, at the back.

AT another wedding in a fashionable church, I was met by the old-fashioned model (Fig. 1) now so much in vogue. The old-fashioned scheme dominated at this wedding, and, with the pannier skirts of the bridesmaids, their pointed basques, and the long crooks in hand, no hat other than the Niniche, with its high bandeau at the back, would have coincided. The hats were of black horsehair braid lined with Alice-blue Georgette crêpe—by the way, have you noticed the new popularity of Georgette crêpe for millinery purposes?—and were fitting backgrounds for the wreaths of old-fashioned flowers which massed themselves on top. Here, again, ribbon streamers added the last note of artistry.

It is not difficult to revert back to the Grayson wedding, when the next subject is their attractive little flower girl. This youngster's hat—made identically like a flower basket, with a low handle on top—would have been a daring innovation in grown-up-dom, but that it belonged, unquestionably, on the little raven head was acceded by everyone. The basket foundation was made of gold-colored

[Concluded on page 39]

# TO BRIDES AND GRADUATES

THE IMPORTANT ACCESSORIES THEIR FROCKS CALL FORTH

By OUR FASHION EDITOR

**J**UNE, without its hosts of brides and girl graduates, is just as impossible to think of as June without its blooming roses and bright days full of sunshine.

For the brides-to-be and the girls who are leaving their school and college days behind them,

these are days full of thrills, and not the least of the exciting happenings is the preparation of clothes for the important events.

The bride has visions of herself in soft, white satin or charmeuse, in cobwebby laces, or in clinging chiffon and Georgette. Shall her

pleated, made with flounces or ruffles, and edged with lace, or daintily embroidered like many of the up-to-date frocks of the season.

Having gifts showered on them is one of the pleasant things that happens to brides and graduates; but this custom often causes concern to the givers, who are many times at a loss to know what will be the most acceptable gift.

Any girl would simply adore one of the large ostrich fans to go with her evening dress.

These fans are being used in all colors to match the gowns, and both the curled and the un-



OSTRICH FEATHER FAN FOR EVENING

gown be plain or brocaded, shall it be beaded or braided, or shall it be one of those delightful, fairylike affairs, trimmed with yards and yards of fine lace? These are some of the questions she must answer, but there are also other important decisions to make before she has settled the dress question. As to the style of her gown, draperies and soft, clinging folds are hers to choose from, as well as tucks, tunics, soft puffed effects, and the new bolero styles which have a wonderful charm.

Girls who are graduating take just as much pleasure in selecting their frocks for the graduation exercises as the bride does in choosing her gown of gowns. In addition to chiffon, Georgette, taffeta, and satin, there are ever so many sheer embroidered organdies, fine voiles, and marquisettes, in silk or cotton, which are just as dainty as possible and ever so youthful. Then there are soft nets and tulles which are very much in favor. All of these materials may be tucked, gathered, or



ONE OF THE NEW BEADED SCARFS  
Headwork from Transfer  
Design No. 822



DAINTY CAMISOLE OF FINE LACE AND CHIFFON

curled feathers are employed in making them. They are usually mounted on shell frames. Even young girls are using these large feather fans, though there are smaller ones, and also those of gauze, glittering with spangles, which will appeal to them just as much.

**T**HE new beaded chiffon scarfs make excellent gifts. In white, with pink or blue beads, or in the evening shades with white beads, these filmy scarfs are just the things to wind about the shoulders with evening frocks. There are others of printed chiffons, in delicate colors, equally attractive. Those who like to make gifts of practical articles will find that silk hose are always acceptable, and that dainty camisoles of filet lace combined with Georgette crêpe, chiffon, or crêpe de Chine will be appreciated as much as small vanity boxes and fancy hand-bags. Strings of beads are also included in the list of novel accessories now fashionable.



SMALL GIFTS FOR BRIDE OR GRADUATE





## THE BRIDAL PROCESSION CLINGING CHIFFONS, AND MUCH

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 36



Dress 7731

Empire Dress 7803  
Transfer Design No. 819

7731

Waist 7797  
Skirt 7795  
Transfer Design No. 822  
For other views of Nos. 7797-7795, see page 36

IS GOWNED IN  
DRAPED SATINS,  
FINE LACE

7803

Dress 7808  
Transfer Design No. 824

7808

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 36

# INTRODUCING NEW SUMMER MODELS



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 36



# SMART FROCKS NOW TAKE TO STITCHING



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 36

# DESCRIPTIONS OF PATTERNS

## Descriptions for page 32

**NO. 7653, LADIES' CHEMISE DRESS.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, shorter length, 2 yards 36-inch batiste, 1½ yards 36-inch all-over, and 3 yards 27-inch flouncing. Width, 3½ yards.

**NO. 7815, LADIES' BOLERO DRESS.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¾ yards 36-inch satin, ¾ yard wide and 2¾ yards narrow banding, and ½ yard 18-inch allover. Width, 2¼ yards.

**COSTUME NOS. 7771-7817,** medium size requires, 38-inch length, 5¾ yards 40-inch crepe, ¾ yard 36-inch voile.

**NO. 7771, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 40-inch crepe, and ¾ yard 36-inch voile for collar.

**NO. 7817, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 4¾ yards 36-inch crepe. Width, 1¾ yards.

**NO. 7807, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS.** Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 3½ yards 40-inch chiffon, 1¼ yards 36-inch allover, 1¾ yards banding for skirt. Width, 2¼ yards.

## Descriptions for page 33

**NO. 7803, LADIES' EMPIRE DRESS.** Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¾ yards 40-inch Georgette. Transfer No. 819 (10 cents).

**NO. 7731, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 6½ yards 36-inch brocaded charmeuse, and 1 yard 40-inch chiffon.

**COSTUME NOS. 7797-7795,** medium size, requires, 39-inch length, 5¾ yards 36-inch silk, ¾ yard 36-inch lace.

**NO. 7797, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch silk, and ¾ yard 36-inch lace. Transfer No. 822 (15 cents).

**NO. 7795, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, 4¾ yards 36-inch silk. Width, 2¾ yards.

**NO. 7808, LADIES' DRESS.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, 6 yards 40-inch satin and ¾ yard 40-inch Georgette. Width, 2¼ yards. Transfer No. 824 (15 cents).

## Descriptions for page 34

**NO. 7771, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch lawn.

**NO. 7636, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 6¾ yards 36-inch poplin and ½ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Width, 3½ yards.

**COSTUME NOS. 7814-7777,** medium size, 39-inch length, requires, 4¾ yards figured, ¾ yard plain 40-inch voile.

**NO. 7814, LADIES' ONE-PIECE WAIST.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¼ yards figured and ¾ yard plain 40-inch voile.

**NO. 7777, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, 3 yards 45-inch material. Width, 2½ yards.

**COSTUME NOS. 7806-7713,** medium size requires, 4¾ yards 36-inch striped, 1¾ yards 36-inch plain material.

**NO. 7806, LADIES' BLOUSE.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch striped and 1¾ yards 36-inch plain material.

**NO. 7713, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 42-inch length, ¾ yards 44-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards.

## Descriptions for page 35

**NO. 7785, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen, and ¾ yard same width to trim.

**COSTUME NOS. 7779-7560,** medium size, requires, 38-inch length, 5¾ yards 45-inch linen.

**NO. 7779, LADIES' MIDDY BLOUSE.** Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Small size requires 2¾ yards 45-inch linen.

**NO. 7560, LADIES' STRAIGHT BOX-PLEATED SKIRT.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3¾ yards 44-inch linen. Width, 3½ yards.

**NO. 7805, LADIES' DRESS.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4¾ yards 44-inch, and ¾ yard 36-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards.

**COSTUME NOS. 7816-7647,** medium size requires, 38-inch skirt, 32-inch coat, 4¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth, 1 yard 36-inch satin and 8¾ yards braid.

**NO. 7816, LADIES' COAT.** Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1½ yards 54-inch broadcloth and 1 yard 36-inch satin.

**NO. 7647, LADIES' SIX-GORED SKIRT.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3¾ yards 50-inch material. Width, 3½ yards.

## Descriptions for page 37

**NO. 7769, LADIES' DRESS.** Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 45-inch, ½ yard 27-inch fabric. Transfer No. 819 (10 cents). Width, 2¼ yards.

**COSTUME NOS. 7793-7781,** medium size requires, 5¾ yards 38-inch foulard and ¾ yard 36-inch organdy.

**NO. 7793, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch silk, and ¾ yard 36-inch organdy.

**NO. 7781, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material. Width, 2¼ yards.

**NO. 7787, LADIES' DRESS.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch voile.



7771



7817



7806



7713



7797



7795



7769



7793-7781



7787



7805



7785



Dress 7769  
Transfer Design No. 819

Waist 7793  
Skirt 7781

Dress 7787

For other views and descriptions, see page 36



# SELECT STYLES FOR THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 48

# COLLARS AND POCKETS DEVELOP ALONG NEW LINES



Dress 7763

Waist 7793  
Skirt 7791

Dress 7717

Coat 7801  
Skirt 7791

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 49



**NO. 7529, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 45-inch batiste. A hemstitched jabot softens this pretty waist.

**No. 7783, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT,** with pocket sections; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26, 42-inch length, requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material. Width of skirt,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 7815, LADIES' BOLERO DRESS;** straight skirt attached to underwaist or yoke belt; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, instep length, requires 4 yards 36-inch plaid and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36-inch plain taffeta with  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards each of insertion and edging. Width, at lower edge of dress,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**COSTUME NOS. 7539-7813,** medium size, 39-inch skirt, requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch dotted voile and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 36-inch allover lace for collar, cuffs and vest. Coin dots on silk and cotton fabrics are strongly in evidence this summer. The costume above illustrates an effective way of developing these new materials.

**No. 7539, LADIES' WAIST;** two styles of front. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch material, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 36-inch lace for collar, cuffs and surplice vest.

**No. 7813, LADIES' STRAIGHT SKIRT;** high waistline; attached to low yoke in 39-inch length, or tunic length attached to high yoke. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26, 39-inch length, requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material. Width of skirt,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards.

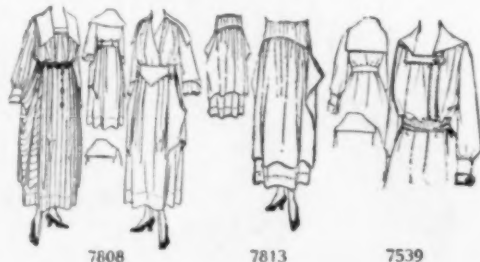


7529

7783

7815

**No. 7808, LADIES' DRESS;** four-piece straight skirt with drapery or simulated pocket. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, 38-inch length, requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 45-inch fabric,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 18-inch for vest. Transfer No. 806 (15 cents).



7808

7813

7539





Dress 7633

Waist 7339  
Overdress 7617

Dress 7579

Waist 7433  
Skirt 7775  
Transfer Design No. 824

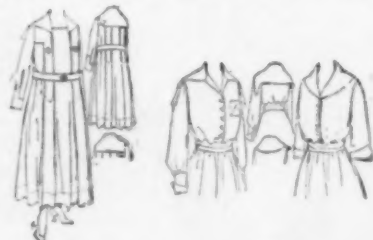
**NO. 7633, LADIES' ONE-PIECE BOX-PLEATED DRESS;** round or instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, instep length, requires 4 yards 36-inch figured material,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch plain material for panel, belt and bands, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch for collar. Width of skirt,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

**No. 7339, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch Georgette crepe. A simple design for Georgette or chiffon.

**No. 7617, LADIES' OVERDRESS;** three-piece skirt in round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, instep length, requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch dotted foulard. Width at lower edge,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

**No. 7433, LADIES' WAIST.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch chiffon. Bead work, in a very effective though simple design, almost covers the entire waist. Sand- or flesh-colored Georgette or chiffon with white beads is most attractive. Transfer Design No. 824 (15 cents) is used. The design would also be pretty worked in colors.

**No. 7775, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT;** high waistline; 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 50-inch white serge. Width of skirt,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Tailored skirts and many dresses and coats are trimmed with rows upon rows of machine-stitching done in heavy silk or mercerized cotton according to the material on which it is used.



7633

7339

**No. 7579, LADIES' DRESS;** side or center-front closing; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36, round length, requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 45-inch linen, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 32-inch contrasting material for collar. The lower edge of the dress measures  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. The straight-hanging one-piece frock is still with us, and continues to satisfy women of fashion. This model may be developed in linen or pongee and brightened by one of the new fancy girdles as illustrated.



7617

7579

7433-7775

## FOR THE JUNE

**No. 7802, MISSES' DRESS**, suitable for small women; in two lengths; straight skirt attached to waist or yoke section. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 45-inch embroidery flouncing,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards 16-inch flouncing for sleeves and front of waist, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch batiste for back and vest. Skirt's width,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 7752, MISSES' DRESS**, suitable for small women; one-piece straight skirt in two lengths, plain or in barrel effect. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch taffeta for skirt and girde,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards  $15\frac{1}{4}$ -inch lace for waist and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 9-inch banding for underwaist. Skirt's width,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards.

**No. 7746, GIRL'S DRESS**; two styles of sleeve; straight gathered skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards 45-inch batiste and  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards lace insertion. The neck and sleeves are finished with a picot lace edging.

**No. 7668, GIRL'S DRESS**; straight skirt or double flounced skirt attached to one-piece foundation. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $6\frac{3}{8}$  yards 20-inch flouncing,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch voile for waist and sleeves, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards insertion.



Dress 7802

Dress 7752



Dress 7746

Dress 7668



7802



7752



7668



7746

# GRADUATES

No. 7786, MISSES' DRESS, suitable for small women; straight gathered skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch voile,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards wide filet lace banding and  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards insertion. Width,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 7788, MISSES' DRESS, suitable for small women; sleeves and straight skirt attached to waist or lining. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch charmeuse, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40-inch chiffon for sleeves. Skirt's width,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards. Transfer No. 819 (10 cents) for braiding.

No. 7666, GIRL'S DRESS; two styles of sleeve; with or without ruffles. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 45-inch organdy. Made of sheerest organdy, this dress is extremely dainty.

No. 7782, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered or pleated skirt, with or without heading. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 34-inch mull flouncing, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 40-inch mull for the waist.



Dress 7788  
Transfer Design No. 819

Dress 7786



Dress 7782

Dress 7666



7788



7786



7782



7666





Middy Dress 7762

Dress 7800

Dress 7778

Dress 7784

**N**O. 7762, MISSES' MIDDY OR SAILOR DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 27-inch material to trim. With simplicity that pleases, this dress with slip-on blouse and two- or three-piece skirt is truly smart. Width of skirt, 2 yards.

No. 7620, MISSES' DRESS, in two lengths; suitable for small women; sleeves attached to underbody. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 45-inch material and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 45-inch contrasting fabric for collar. Transfer Design No. 822 (15 cents). Width of dress,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 7800, MISSES' DRESS, suitable for small women; one-piece straight skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch chambray and  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch plaid gingham with skirt cut crosswise as in the illustration. Skirt's width,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 7778, GIRL'S DRESS; straight skirt, with or without heading. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards 36-inch plain voile and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch figured voile. Short waisted, and with quaintly gathered pockets, this dress is reminiscent of children's frocks of long ago, especially if made in flowered voile.

No. 7784, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires 4 yards 38-inch foulard, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36-inch wash satin for the collar and vest. This is a simple frock in excellent style. It can be made in a variety of materials from foulard or pongee to chambray or gingham.



Dress 7766

Dress 7764

Dress 7804

Sailor Dress 7762

**NO. 7766, GIRL'S DRESS.** Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires 4 yards 30-inch checked gingham and 1 yard 36-inch plain gingham. To all young people, summer means vacation time and plenty of serviceable frocks. This model of plain and checked gingham with two sets of pockets is very practical.

**No. 7764, GIRL'S DRESS;** with or without vest. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch chambray and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 27-inch material for collar, vest and cuffs. The particular young girl can select nothing smarter than this design developed in colored chambray, linen or poplin.

**No. 7804, MISSES' DRESS,** in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 45-inch linen, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch for collar, belt and cuffs. This dress is made with sleeves and straight one-piece skirt attached to waist or lining. Pleated or gathered, the skirt measures  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

**No. 7762, MISSES' MIDDY OR SAILOR DRESS;** suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 30-inch galatea, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 27-inch fabric for collar. An excellent tennis frock with blouse slipped on over the head and two- or three-piece skirt, 2 yards wide.

**NO. 7774, MISSES' DRESS;** suitable for small women; in two lengths; two styles of sleeves. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch figured and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch plain material. Width of dress,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Pongee or linen would be pretty for this smart design.



7766



7764



7804



7774



7762



Dress 7774



Dress 7624

Suit 7798

Beach Suit 7810

Dress 7796  
Transfer Design No. 822

Dress 7768

Transfer Design No. 690

## NEW FASHION HINTS FOR

**NO. 7768, GIRL'S DRESS;** two styles of back. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch linen and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch contrasting linen for collar, cuffs, belt and pockets. White linen with blue

linen trimming is a cool and refreshing combination for summer, especially if the smocking is done with blue cotton. Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents) is used.

**No. 7624, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS;** straight pleated skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch cotton crepe and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 27-inch contrasting lawn. Soft, and fresh, and cool, is this little dress made up in dainty, crinkled crepe and trimmed with the smoothest of lawn. This model is also suitable for percale or for the summer wash silks often used for children's frocks. The small view shows another possibility with the belt at the Empire waistline, and a large collar.

**No. 7798, BOY'S SUIT;** blouse to be slipped on over the head; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch plain chambray, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 27-inch contrasting chambray for collar, belt, and cuffs. Surely no young man could wish for a trimmer or smarter little play suit than this. It is suitable for linen and poplin.

**No. 7810, CHILD'S ROMPER OR BEACH SUIT;** suitable for boy or girl; body and sleeve in one; dropped back. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch percale and 1 yard 24-inch contrasting material. Just the simple, easily-slipped-on garment for early morning play at home or on the beach.

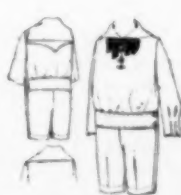
**No. 7796, CHILD'S DRESS;** sleeves attached to waist or underbody; straight gathered skirt attached to underbody. Pattern in 4 sizes; 4 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 38-inch poplin, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch white piqué for collar, cuffs and pocket facings. Transfer Design No. 822 is used for the embroidery (15 cents).



7768



7624



7798



7810



7796





Suit 7776

Romper and Hat 7790  
Transfer Design No. 318

Suit 7772



Dress 7794

Transfer Design No. 822,  
No. 690 for Smocking

Dress 7628

## VERY SMALL PEOPLE

No. 7776, Boy's MIDDY OR SAILOR SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 38-inch white drilling. This little sailor boy wears a blouse which has the yoke and sleeves in one, and slips on over the head. The blouse may also be tucked inside the trousers in sailor fashion.

No. 7790, CHILD'S ROMPER AND ONE-PIECE SUN-HAT. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 2 yards 32-inch gingham. Transfer Design No. 318 (10 cents) is used for the embroidered scallops. Such a cunning little costume for the tiny beach maiden! It may be made of blue, pink or buff chambray or gingham with white embroidery scalloping.

No. 7772, Boy's SUIT; two styles of sleeve; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 45-inch linen, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 27-inch pique for collar. With pockets like these, to fill with marbles and string, a small boy should be very happy. The suit may be of linen poplin, piqué or serviceable khaki.

No. 7794, CHILD'S DRESS; straight gathered or pleated skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 36-inch lawn for waist and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch linen for skirt, collar and cuffs. With the fulness of the skirt smocked in front this is an unusual and charming model for the small girl. The Transfer Design used on the collar is No. 822 (15 cents). No. 690 is used for the smocking (10 cents).

No. 7628, GIRL'S DRESS; straight box-pleated skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 38-inch gingham and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 36-inch contrasting plain gingham for the collar, cuffs and belt. Wide box pleats on an Empire skirt give excellent style to this smart model, for the particular little girl.



7776



7790



7772



7794



7628

# YOUR DAINTY SUMMER UNDERWEAR

Descriptions for  
page 38

**C**OSTUME Nos. 7789-7781, medium size requires 6 yards 50-inch gabardine.

No. 7789, LADIES' COAT; in 31- or 21-inch length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Medium size requires 3½ yards 50-inch gabardine.

No. 7781, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 25½ yards 44-inch material. Width, 2¼ yards.

**C**OSTUME NOS. 7765-7767, medium size requires 5½ yards 36-inch foulard and 1½ yards 36-inch material to make collar, vest, cuffs and pockets.

No. 7765, LADIES' WAIST; with or without vest. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 38-inch material, and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 7767, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 38-inch material and 1 yard 36-inch for pockets. Skirt's width, 2¾ yards.

No. 7705, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED PRINCESS SLIP; opening front or back; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch nainsook, and 2¼ yards 16¾-inch flouncing. Either a straight gathered flounce or a one-piece circular flounce may be used. Width of straight flounce, 2¼ yards.

No. 7170, LADIES' ENVELOPE CHEMISE. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (10 cents).—Medium size requires 2½ yards 36-inch dimity, 5¾ yards edging and 1¼ yards beading. Transfer Design No. 605 is used for the embroidered sprays, and No. 607 for the scalloping on small view (10 cents each). Fine linen, crêpe de Chine and nainsook may be used.



7705

7170  
Transfer Design  
No. 607

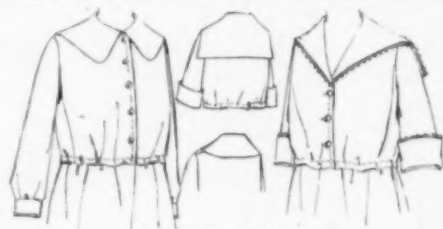
No. 7809, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (20 cents). Medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 823 (10 cents) is embroidered on this simple nightgown which measures 2 yards at lower edge.



Princess Slip 7705

Chemise 7170  
Transfer Design No. 605Nightgown 7809  
Transfer Design No. 823Brassiere 7812  
Drawers 7811  
Transfer Design No. 646  
and No. 318

No. 7799, LADIES' COAT DRESS; two styles of sleeve; round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 5¼ yards 45-inch linen, and ½ yard 45-inch contrasting linen for collar and belt. Width at lower edge is 3 yards. All-serviceable is the white linen summer dress and inexpressibly dainty when made with collar and belt of bright buff, apricot or rose-colored linen as in the model illustrated.



Guimpe 7770

No. 7770, GIRL'S GUIMPE. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (10 cents).—Size 10 requires, with long sleeves and round collar, 1¾ yards 36-inch batiste; with short sleeves and square collar, 1½ yards same width material and 2¼ yards lace edging for the collar and cuffs. A very simple little guimpe to wear with the popular jumper frocks.

No. 7812, LADIES' BRASSIERE. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires ½ yard 36-inch wash satin, and ¾ yard ribbon for straps. Transfer Design No. 318 for the scallops and No. 646 for the embroidered spray (10 cents each). This brassiere which is made to lap over in the back and fit very snugly is an excellent design. It is very important to have a well-cut brassiere.

No. 7811, LADIES' AND MISSES' OPEN OR CLOSED CIRCULAR DRAWERS. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires 1¼ yards 36-inch nainsook, and 3¾ yards 5-inch embroidery edging. The small view shows a simple scallop for which Transfer Design No. 607 (10 cents) is used.



7809

7811  
Transfer Design  
No. 607

No. 7537, LADIES' DRESS; with or without front panel; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents). Size 36 requires, instep length, 5¾ yards 27-inch figured lawn, 1½ yards 36-inch plain lawn and 1½ yards lace edging for the collar. The width around the lower edge of the skirt is 2¾ yards. A model particularly well suited to a combination of materials when developed as shown in the illustration on page 38. An entirely different possibility is shown in the small view, without the panel and with a collar having pointed straps which secure the belt at the waistline.

# AT THE SHORE IN SUNNY JUNE

Descriptions for page 39

**NO. 7763, LADIES' ONE-PIECE HOUSE DRESS;** in round or instep length. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27-inch striped poplin and 1 yard 27-inch plain poplin to trim. Skirt's width,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. A model which combines style and simplicity. It may be developed in a novelty striped poplin, cotton gabardine, or piqué.

**No. 7793, LADIES' WAIST;** two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 40-inch voile, and  $\frac{4}{8}$  yards lace edging. Jabot and vest effect are most attractively combined in this soft summer blouse.

**No. 7791, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT;** 42- or 38-inch length; high waistline. Pattern in 9 sizes; 22 to 38 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, for three-gored skirt, 38-inch length,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 50-inch material and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 40-inch contrasting material; for four-gored skirt illustrated with Coat No. 7801,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 45-inch fabric. Width,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

**No. 7780, MISSES' BATHING SUIT;** with or without straight band; bloomers attached to body lining. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires, with opening on shoulder,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch satin, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 20-inch plaid material for band. A unique beach costume which may be made of surf satin or alpaca. Jersey cloth is another smart material for bathing suits this season. The small view shows another style.

**No. 7810, CHILD'S ROMPER OR BEACH SUIT;** suitable for boy or girl. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 6 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 54-inch linen, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard 36-inch striped linen for collar and pocket. In wool material this makes an excellent suit for the water.

**No. 7773, LADIES' CHEMISE BATHING SUIT, WITH BLOOMERS.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, with bloomers, center figure,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch surf satin and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch striped taffeta; other figure, without bloomers,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch alpaca. The bloomers require  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material.

**No. 7717, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS;** with or without straight band; round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch figured voile and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch plain voile. The width of band is  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards. With the closing at the back and another style of sleeve, this design is also very stylish. Pongee or foulard will make a very fashionable dress.

**COSTUME NOS. 7801-7791, medium size requires, 26-inch coat and 38-inch skirt,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 45-inch linen. Linen, cotton gabardine and the mohair and cotton mixtures are excellent materials for this type of summer suit. The design is also suitable for the sports silks so popular this season, in plain or figured effects.**

**No. 7801, LADIES' COAT;** one-piece sleeve or two-piece sleeve; 32- or 26-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 45-inch linen for the 26-inch length. The pocket and belt effect of this model are features which will appeal especially to the well-dressed woman. Skirt No. 7791 described in opposite column on this page.

**No. 7792, GIRL'S BATHING SUIT;** bloomers to be attached to underbody or to be worn separately. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires, for either illustration, 2 yards 54-inch wool jersey, with  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 18-inch striped material for trimming as shown in illustration below. Rows of braid would also make a suitable trimming.

**No. 7773, LADIES' CHEMISE BATHING SUIT, WITH BLOOMERS.** Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, with bloomers, center figure,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch surf satin and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 36-inch striped taffeta; other figure, without bloomers,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36-inch alpaca. The bloomers require  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 36-inch material.



Beach Suit 7810



7773



7810



7792



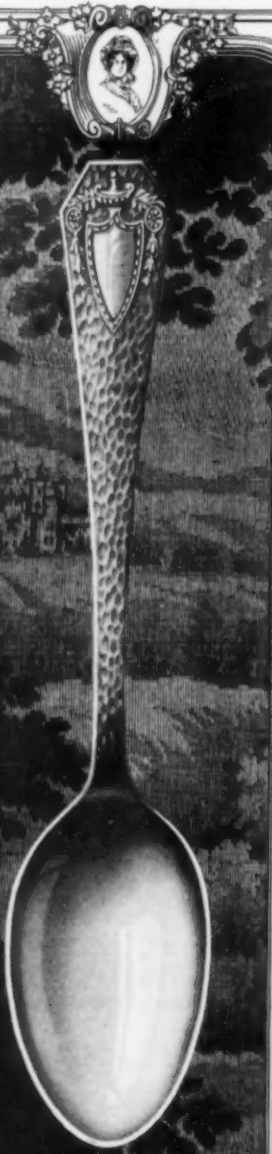
7780



Bathing Suit 7792



1847-*Seventy Year Plate*-1917  
**1847 ROGERS BROS.**  
 SILVERWARE



**I**N the Heraldic Pattern is blended the beauty of the early hand-hammered ware with that durability essential to good value. To be had also in hollow ware such as Tea Sets, etc.

Unqualifiedly guaranteed. Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "F.45."

Tea Spoons, \$5 a dozen.  
 Other pieces in proportion.

**INTERNATIONAL SILVER  
 COMPANY**  
 Meriden, Conn.

## DESIGNS THAT BEAUTIFY

By HELEN THOMAS



817—DESIGN FOR CHILD'S DRESS

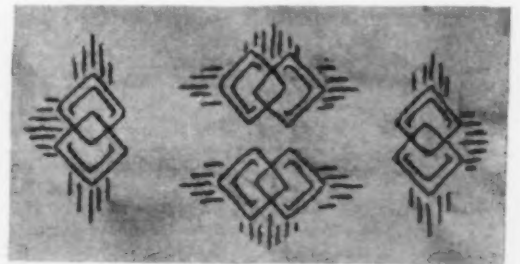
817—Design for Child's Dress. Suitable for about 3- to 6-year sizes. Embroidered on a plain dress this design gives the appearance of a cunning little bolero jacket. McCall Pattern No. 6430 used for dress. Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Price, 10 cents. The scallops are worked in the buttonhole-stitch. The stems and flower petals are worked in the outline-stitch, the tip of petals and leaves in the satin-stitch; the centers of roses in French knots, and dots in the satin- or eyelet-stitch. Full directions provided with pattern. Transfer design, 15 cents.

822—Design for Motifs. 18 motifs in pattern. In different sizes and shapes these can be used effectively in a variety of ways on hats, belts, pockets, and blouses. Directions for stitches provided with pattern. In yellow or blue. Transfer design, 15 cents.

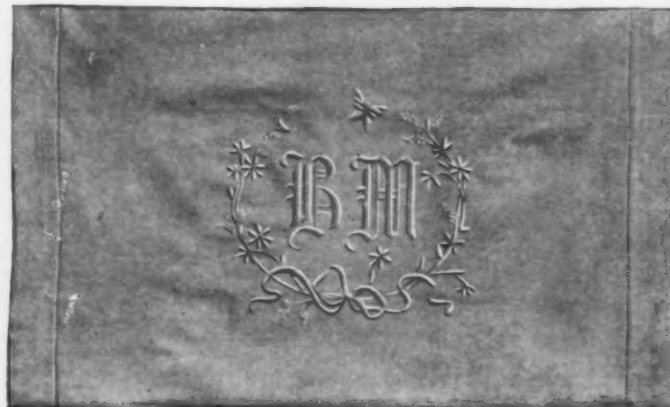
825—Wreath Design for Pillow Cases. Measures 11 by 13 inches; 2 wreaths in pattern. On a single bed one wreath could be used for the pillow case and one for the bed-spread. For daytime pillow cases these wreaths form a charming setting for one, two, or three large initials either three or four inches high. If the ends of the cases are to be scalloped instead of hemstitched, scallop design



822—DESIGN FOR MOTIFS 4½ INCHES HIGH



822—DESIGN FOR MOTIFS



825—WREATH DESIGN FOR PILLOW CASES

No. 765 would be suitable to use. Each scallop is 1¾ inches wide and ¾ of an inch deep. (Price, 10 cents.) Full directions for stitches will be found on envelope of 825. Transfer design, 15 cents.

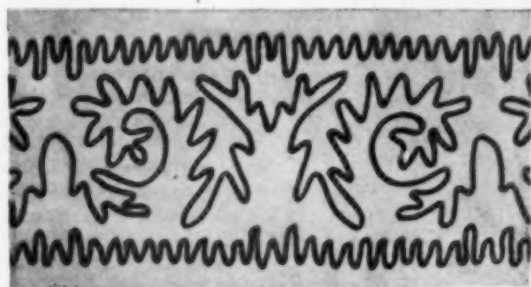
823—Design for Cut-Work  
 [Con. on page 51]

## DESIGNS THAT BEAUTIFY

[Continued from page 50]

Sprays. New and attractive work, especially dainty for underwear, children's frocks, and blouses; 9 sprays and embroidery directions in pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents. McCall Ladies' Nightgown pattern No. 6550 is used. Price, 15 cents.

819—Design for Braiding. In yellow or blue; 5 inches wide,



819—DESIGN FOR BRAIDING

and 3 yards in the pattern. Matches design 818 in latest jumper effects for braiding front and back of a waist. (Price, 15 cents.) Also effective in chain-stitch or couching. Full directions with the pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.

820—Design for Child's One-Piece Hat. Suitable for 2- to 4-year sizes. Matches apron No. 821. (Price, 10 cents.) Very attractive developed on white linen with dainty colors. Unbuttons to lie out flat when ironed. Directions with the pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.

821—Design for Child's One-Piece Apron. Matches hat No. 820. (Price, 10 cents.) Embroidered in colors on white linen with little embroidered basket pockets attached, it is especially appealing to a child of from 3 to 5 years. Full directions for working this design are provided with pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.

*Editor's Note.*—McCall Kaumagraph patterns can be transferred to material with a hot iron in less than a minute. Obtained at McCall Pattern Agencies or postpaid from McCall Company on receipt of 10 or 15

cents. Stamped material not supplied. McCall's Book of Embroidery, showing over 500 of the latest designs for embroidery, includes free coupon good for any 10-cent McCall Kaumagraph transfer pattern; or with 5 cents extra, good for any 15-cent transfer pattern. Price in U. S., 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.



820—DESIGN FOR CHILD'S ONE-PIECE HAT  
821—DESIGN FOR CHILD'S ONE-PIECE APRON



## Men of Tomorrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into a mental and physical "husky" by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

You may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

A true Brain and Body food is

## Grape-Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"



## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The men who climb to dizzy heights in business—the top-notchers in every realm of human endeavor—must have that steady nerve, mental poise and physical endurance that come from living in harmony with natural law. Get right with Nature by eating

## Shredded Wheat

a simple, natural, food that supplies every element needed to build the perfect man or woman fit for every job that calls for a clear brain in a supple, responsive body. Contains all the muscle-making, heat-creating material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

**A food for men and women who do things. Two biscuits with hot milk, or cream, make a complete, nourishing meal at a cost of four or five cents. Delicious with fruits.**

Made only by

**The Shredded Wheat Company  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.**



## THE GRADUATION FROCK

LESSON 76—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

WITH such a lot of pretty designs to choose from for the graduation frock, isn't it most perplexing to decide in favor of any particular one?

Over and over I have had girls write to ask me to make the decision for them, so I know that is just the way they feel about the frock that must be as dainty as possible and yet not too elaborate, especially if it is to be made at home.

I am sure every girl will agree with me that nothing could be more "adorable" than the Misses' Dress No. 7802 which I have chosen. And the nicest thing about this frock is that with all its simplicity it couldn't be a bit more up to date.

Perhaps you will think at first that the embroidery on it is elaborate, but when you realize that each of those little stitches you see is just a simple darning-stitch and that the transfer pattern that you will use for it stamps each one of the little lines, you will be convinced that it is going to be lots of fun to work it up.

I am going to leave it to you to decide on the material you will have for the dress because it really depends on how much you wish to spend on it. Very fine white voile will not be expensive, and this material is going to be used a great deal this summer. It is very practical, too, as it launders beautifully and a voile dress can be worn all summer long for almost any occasion. Silk floss or mercerized cotton may be used for the embroidery on fine cotton voile.

If you want a more expensive dress, there is nothing nicer than Georgette crêpe or crêpe de Chine, and the embroidery design may be developed in silk floss and white chalk beads. The darning-stitches could be done with white silk floss

and the flowers outlined with beads, which may be couched on the design. It is not advisable to use beads on a dress that you will want to launder later on.

Organdy, silk voile, and silk or cotton marquisette are some other materials that will be ever so dainty for a graduation frock. This design may also be used for embroidered flouncing and bordered materials for it has straight edges on the fronts of the waist and the lower edges of sleeves and skirt.



FIG. 1—NO. 7802, DAINTILY EMBROIDERED  
WHITE VOILE DRESS  
Transfer Design No. 824 for the Embroidery

**THE EMBROIDERY.**—I will explain a little about the embroidery first, as before putting the dress together, the embroidery design should be stamped on the material and worked up. The Transfer Pattern is No. 824 (price, 15 cents). It includes six large motifs which are placed at even distances apart around the bottom of the skirt, just above the hem. The two-inch banding is placed at the lower edges of the sleeves and down the fronts of the waist. Details of the embroidery stitches are given on the envelope of the transfer pattern and there will be no difficulty whatever in following them. The background is worked in darning-stitch and the flowers are couched on with the

same silk floss or mercerized cotton used for the embroidery.

**THE PATTERN.**—And now for the making of the dress. The pattern, No. 7802, comes in 3 sizes; from 16 to 20 years; price, 20 cents.

On getting your pattern, you will find that size 16 in the longer skirt length requires 4 yards of 38-inch material as shown in Figure 1. You will notice that the pattern gives another style with a

[Concluded on page 53]



# THE GRADUATION FROCK

[Continued from page 52]

short bolero jacket and a deep yoke on the skirt, but these pieces will not be required for the style that is illustrated here. The pieces required for the dress are the fronts and back of waist, the sleeves, the little gathered vest which is in two sections, and the skirt. These pieces should be laid on the material following the directions on the pattern envelope, and cut with care.

In the 16-year size the skirt allows for a 37-inch length without a hem, or 34-inch length which is indicated by single circles. If you prefer not to use a false hem, measure your skirt length before cutting, and allow extra at the lower edge for whatever depth hem you wish. This is very easy to do as the skirt is perfectly straight at the lower edge.

**THE WAIST.**—If the dress material is very fine, the shoulder and underarm seams of the waist may be French-seamed; otherwise, they should be bound on either side with silk seam binding and pressed open. When the sleeves are set in, the armholes should be bound in order to finish them neatly, and the dress will also wear better if finished in this way.

The gathered section of the vest is gathered at the top and attached to the upper section with notches matching and centers and edges even. Turn under the right side of the waist  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch and lap the edge over the side of vest to the line of single small circles, then stitch to position close to the edge, having the lower edges of the vest and waist even. At the left side of the vest there is enough allowance to make a hem on which the fasteners of the dress should be sewed. On the left front of the waist, there is  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch allowance. This is the side where the dress fastens and it would be well to face the edge back about one inch with a strip of material to make it firm enough to hold the fasteners which are to be sewed to it.

For the shorter length sleeve, cut off  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch below the line of perforations and underface with a strip of silk, or else allow enough length before cutting to make a hem.

When the waist is all put together, gather the lower edge and sew to the top of the belt, with center at center-back, large circles at the center-front and the ends meeting at the left side. Use a firm piece of belting cut to fit your waist measure. It is easy to regulate the gathers to fit any size if your waist measure does not correspond exactly with the pattern.

**THE SKIRT.**—The upper edge of the skirt is to be underfaced to  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch below the double large circles where the heading is to be gathered. The heading might be underfaced with silk as this underfacing often shows. Many frocks in this style are underfaced with a contrasting color. If the embroidery on this dress were worked in colors, it would be extremely dainty to have a touch of the same color in the silk which underfaces the heading of the skirt.

The opening of the skirt is at the left side-front, on a line with the left front of the waist. Make a slash down the upper left side through the double small circles, and bind with a straight strip of cloth cut twice the length of the placket opening. Cut the strip  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, sew along the entire length of slash,  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch from edge, narrowing down to less at the point, then double the strip and hem the free edge along the same line of stitching but on the other side. On the left side of the skirt the extension will form a lap on which the snap fasteners will be placed. On the right side, the lap is turned under and felled to the skirt very neatly with small stitches.

The top of the skirt gathered along the line of circles is then stitched to the top of the belt over the line on which the waist is stitched. In this way, there will be no raw edges to finish, those of the waist being covered between the belt and the skirt.

In a dress with so much hand embroidery as this one has, the hems of the sleeves and the skirt should be finished by hand, as machine-stitching would entirely spoil the effect. Take small, fine stitches that will not show through on the right side.

A pretty girdle of silk cord with tasseled ends would be a very attractive finish for this dress. The girdle is not a real necessity when the top of the skirt is made with a frill, but there are so many fancy girdles worn at present, one of them would not be at all out of place; in fact, it would be a very dainty addition. The fashionable girdles are wound around the waist, brought to the front, and knotted carelessly at one side.

*Editor's Note.*—Write to Mrs. Whitney concerning any difficulty you may have in selecting designs or materials for your summer wardrobe this season, and she will be glad to assist you if you will enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for her reply.



FIG. 2—OTHER POSSIBILITIES OF NO. 7802

**Armour's**  
Oval Label Products  
In The Home



**Armour's**  
QUALITY  
PRODUCTS

**Put This Reserve Supply  
in Your Pantry**

A RESERVE supply of these foods today is a good investment. The home with an Armour Shelf can meet all food emergencies; from soup to dessert, every meal is provided. Nor can there be any "what-to-serve" problem. For Armour Oval Label Products furnish a variety for countless, delicious meals. Each of the hundred or more *Veribest* Package Foods is as nourishing as it is appetizing and economical.

**Armour's**  
*Veribest*  
TRADE MARK  
**Package Foods**

Here are Soups, Fish, Meats, Fruits, Vegetables, Condiments, Evaporated Milk—over a hundred ready-to-serve foods awaiting your command to bring you "out-of-season" delicacies at any season.

The Armour Oval Label, the mark reserved to distinguish highest qualities, also identifies Star Stockinet Ham, Star and *Veribest* Bacon, "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, Armour's Grape Juice, Cloverbloom Butter, *Veribest* Frankfurt Sausage, and Glendale (natural color) and Silver Churn (white) Oleomargarine. Ask your dealer.

**ARMOUR COMPANY**

1470

## Put Yourself in Trim

**I**N the morning and after the heat of the day refresh yourself with a cold sponge bath. Use a Miller Rubber Sponge which cleanses and gently massages at the same time. Every member of the family should have an individual Miller Sponge.

### Miller Standard RUBBER GOODS Supreme in Service

Miller Hot Water Bottles and Miller Fountain Syringes mean quick relief in many a painful hour. Their prompt use will often head off serious illness.

Miller Sanitary Aprons are a warm weather necessity. Miller Sanitate Diapers make the baby comfortable and save much time and labor for the mother.

Miller Bathing Caps, over 30 styles each in many color combinations, are nationally famous for style and quality. Ask for them. Look for the drug store that has the Miller agency Sign.



### MILLER NIPPLES MAKE HAPPY BABIES

Many of the troubles of bottle fed babies are due to nipples which do not regulate the flow of milk correctly. Improper nipples are a common cause of colic.

### Miller Nipples NON-COLLAPSIBLE

prevent too rapid and too slow feeding. They cannot collapse and shut off the flow of milk. They are made of black rubber, recommended by all authorities, and are easily cleaned and sterilized after use. Made for narrow and for wide topped bottles. If you are not using Miller Nipples, get them and be on the safe side. Your druggist has them.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO.  
Akron, U. S. A.

10623—Pillow Top. Especially attractive in outline-embroidery worked in rich contrasting colors. Design stamped and tinted on white crash, including back of same material, may be had for 40 cents; free for two 75-cent sub-

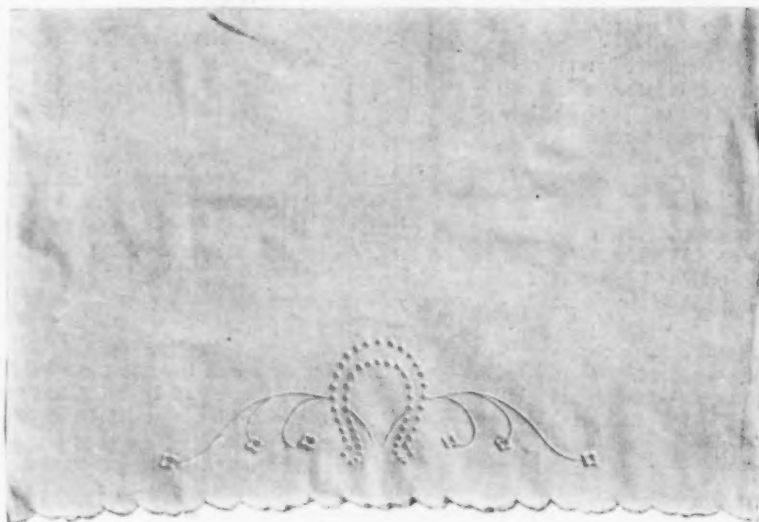
## THE NEW EMBROIDERY

By GENEVIEVE STERLING



10623—PILLOW TOP

on tubing 22 by 36 inches, including cotton to work, 50 cents each; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Design stamped on tubing 22 by 36 inches, including cotton to work, 95 cents per pair; free for four 75-



10624—PILLOW CASE

scriptions. Design stamped on heavy white linen, including back of same material, may be had for 65 cents; free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Embroidery cotton to work, extra, 8 cents. Embroidery silk to work, extra, 18 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.

10624—Pillow Case. To be worked in solid-, outline-, and buttonhole-embroidery. Design stamped

cent subscriptions. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.

10625—Celery Bag. To be worked in French knots. Design stamped on 12- by 17-inch white crash, including sufficient amount of cotton to work, 20 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.

10629—Handkerchief Case (illustrated on page 55). In eyelet-, [Concluded on page 55]

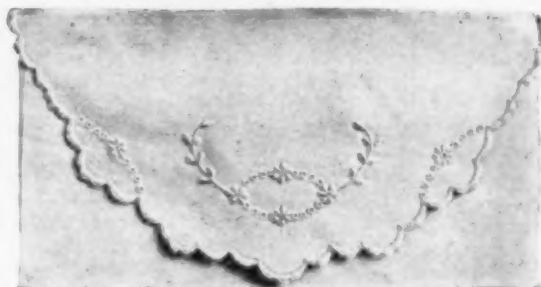


10625—CELERY BAG

# THE NEW EMBROIDERY

[Continued from page 54]

buttonhole, and the outline - stitch. Design stamped on linen-finished lawn, including cotton to work, 20 cents. Design stamped on fine linen, including embroidery cotton to work, 30 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.



10629—HANDKERCHIEF CASE

18 - inch white linen, 25 cents. Design stamped on 18 - by 24 - inch white linen, 45 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Six skeins of embroidery cotton

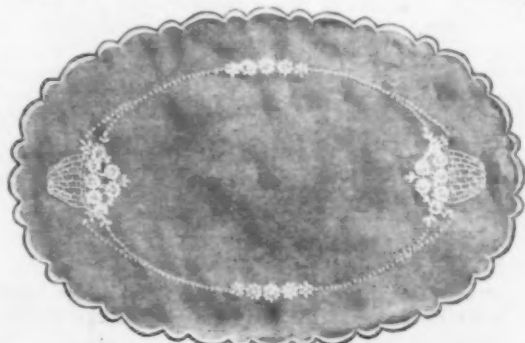
to work, extra, 15 cents. Perforated pattern, 10 cents.



10628—BABY'S DRESS

10628—Baby's Dress. Design stamped on nainsook, including cotton to work, 65 cents; free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Design stamped on mercerized batiste, including cotton to work, 75 cents; free for three 75-cent subscriptions. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.

10627—Tray Cloth. To be worked in French knots, the thousand-petal - stitch, and in outline, and buttonhole-embroidery. Design stamped on 12 - by



10627—TRAY CLOTH

10626—Salad Bag (not illustrated). This bag is similar to the Celery Bag illustrated on page 54 with the exception of the word "s a l a d" which is substituted for "Celery."

\* It measures 15 by 18 inches. Worked in French knots. Stamped on white crash, with cotton, 20 cents. Perforated pattern, 10 cents.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article illustrated on page 54, and on this page, may be had for 10 cents, postage prepaid. Fast colors guaranteed. Send check, money order, or stamps by mail to McCall Company, McCall Building, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City, N. Y. Patterns for articles not carried by any of the McCall agencies.



Tub Them  
Rub Them  
Scrub Them  
Keep them clean  
You can't hurt  
**Warner's**  
Rust-Proof  
Corsets -

The height of style  
Luxurious comfort  
and  
Every Corset  
Guaranteed  
Not to Rust, Break  
or Tear

\$1.00 \$1.25 \$1.50 \$1.75 \$2.00  
\$3.00 and up to \$5.00



THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY  
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### "Cereal for Breakfast!"

Serve cereals often! They're good for children, easy to prepare, and the results are perfect, if you use a

## "Wear-Ever"

### ALUMINUM DOUBLE BOILER

Simply fill the lower saucepan with water, place cereal in upper saucepan, and let boil for about 15 minutes.

You will say, "I had no idea cereals could be made so deliciously soft and creamy."

You can also cook the most delicate sauces and puddings in the "Wear-Ever" aluminum double boiler without fear of burning.

"Wear-Ever" aluminum utensils save fuel because they take the heat quickly and hold it. Remember to turn up the flame high until utensil is thoroughly heated, and then to turn it down low.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" dense, hard and smooth, insuring lasting durability.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made without seams from thick, hard sheet metal—they cannot break, chip, or rust—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



### The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.

New Kensington, Pa., Dept. 30, or (if you live in Canada) Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. Send, prepaid, 1 qt. "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30 cents in stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until July 30th, 1917, only.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Complete Tatting Outfit—one of the biggest bargains ever offered to needleworkers. Think of it! For only 10¢ we will send you complete 16-page Tatting Book with handsome designs and full instructions. 1 Ball of Tassilik—size 70 (any color) and 1 Rapid Tatting Shuttle. This outfit retails regularly for 25¢—you get it on this offer all for only 10¢. Money back if you are not pleased.

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Sew Your Seams with COLLINGBOURNE'S BYSSINE.

# THE JOLLIFICATIONS OF JUNE

By MARY DAWSON

TO many of us, the next six weeks or so will be busy ones, with all leisure moments filled to the brim with plans and details for entertainments in honor of June's heroine, fair Mistress Bride-To-Be. Of late years, every wedding, however informal and inexpensive, was preceded by such a host of affairs, pretty or humorous, and unique in every case, that the entertainer must be alert indeed to discover something fresh and un-hackneyed.

First, as to announcing the engagement! There are so many good and yet simple ways of doing this, that no girl should have to fall back on what is worn and trite. Have you thought of giving away the news by way of a limerick contest? For this, everyone is asked to write an original limerick for a prize. The different limericks are read aloud when completed, and one read by the hostess or a confederate tells the news in amusing rhyme. To illustrate the possibilities of the rhyme, let me quote one that was recently used in this way:

Last winter, enjoying the ice,  
James Lennon met Katherine Price,  
Next month they will wed,  
At the old Price homestead,  
And we all think it's awfully nice.

A most amusing and exciting plan, too, is the mechanical toy idea. For this you must secure one of the toy automobiles which when wound up will career around the room. Trick out the little car with streamers of white ribbon, rosettes, placards reading "To Blissville." In short, trim it exactly in imitation of the going-to-the-station automobile which

has passed through the hands of the joking relatives after the wedding. At the back have a card with the names of bride and groom upon it (the bride's maiden name being given in parentheses). If there is time for it, little dolls may be dressed to represent the pair, and cards with the names of them attached to these. Wind up the car, just back of the folding doors. Then, having focused the attention of the company on the doors, throw the latter open and send the automobile whizzing in among the group. It will be most hilarious.

The "Magic Music" plan for the give-away also provides fun. Until the company is well into it, there will be no suspicion as to what is in store. Have simply a card with the names of the future couple on it, or have an imitation diamond ring with the name of the fiancée attached thereto by ribbon.

Hide it in a rather out-of-the-way place in the room and announce that an

object has been hidden which the company will discover by means of the rousing old game of "Magic Music" which everyone enjoys. Now let each player put his hands on the shoulders of another person behind whom he stands. The leader at the head of the line may be a confederate of the

hostess. This is best, as in that case the company may be led a merry dance before the object is unearthed. Instead of ordinary music, play a Wedding March. As the object is approached by the company, the

music should be loud and triumphant, but if the players are going in the wrong direction, it should be low and mournful.

[Continued on page 57]



## THE JOLLIFICATIONS OF JUNE

[Continued from page 56]

When the company discovers that wedding music only is played, a lively curiosity will begin to make itself felt.

Another new and surprising method is called the "Mysterious Message." The hostess produces a bottle elaborately sealed which she explains was picked up on the seashore and contains a mysterious message in code which the company is asked to help decipher. The bottle may contain twelve to fifteen words clipped from a newspaper. Paper and pencils are given to all present and the words are read aloud, but out of their proper order. When some one had been able to group them into a complete sentence, a line like this should result:

"Miss Molly Elkton to marry Mr. John Jemson in June. Present company all invited."

FOR an announcement where guests are not limited to the fair sex, have the future bride and groom slip away behind the scenes, there to get ready for the announcement. Introduce the surprise with a rigmarole like the following: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Gresham wants to show you something very interesting which she has just acquired, and will retain." Then throw open the door and let the bride-to-be drive her future partner in among the company and all around the group, harnessed with white ribbon to which are attached hosts of little tinkling bells. Or instead of the harness, she may bring him in as a prisoner handcuffed with white ribbon.

A hilarious method, which costs absolutely nothing where economy is particularly an object, needs only some matches. Enclose each match in a little box or bundle or even in an envelope. To each attach a card with a caption on it, the captions grouped in the following order: "A New Match," "A Good Match," "A Love Match," "A Safety Match," "A Perfect Match," "A Match not yet out of the Box." Number the different receptacles and have each read aloud his or her caption in the order of the numbers. When all have been read but that of the hostess, her box, too, is opened. It reads like this: "The Latest Match, that of Madge Harrow and Charles Wood, announced today. Congratulations now in order."

The same idea can be carried out in other ways. Matches with the captions attached could be hidden around the room and then hunted as, in "hide-the-thimble," or shaken down when a favor-holder is pulled apart. Imitation matches of large size are easily made by tipping sections of rounded sticks such as towel-rack rods with blue sealing wax. They are effective for use in a favor-holder as suggested in the above paragraph.

For a flower luncheon, where the announcement is made at table, a large tissue paper replica of the flower used to trim the table, say a rose or a hollyhock, is laid at each place. Attached to the flower stem is a card reading:

Gently pull my leaves apart,  
Read the secret at my heart.

When the flower petals have been separated, as the rhyme directs, a paper with the news written on it is discovered.

For the luncheon table, too, there is the wedding bell idea, where little bells are cut from heavy art paper doubled so as to give folders. On the outside of each bell might be written the familiar lines from Poe:

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden Bells."

Inside the folder, might be written the explanation: "They will ring for Jane Jordan and Henry Aldrich on June the —, 1917." Have one such little folder at each place set at table.

Another occasion for which the entertainer is often at a loss for a new idea is the bride's shower. Sometimes the need is a new line of gifts; sometimes a new way of presenting such standard shower favorites as kitchen utensils, or linen.

A charming way to present almost any class of small-sized gifts at this season is "The Buttercup Shower." For this the room is trimmed with wild buttercups in pails and vases, all the trifles presented being wrapped in yellow tissue paper of buttercup shade. A luncheon table trimmed with the same flower and a menu all in yellow are fitting accompaniments.

Sweet peas can be used in the same way, white or pink, or the two hues combined being used for wrappings for the gifts, and for the menu.

A rose shower, too, is lovely. It may be given in connection with a "Ring-A-Round-A-Rosy" Party. For this fascinating afternoon merry-making the girls go through the familiar nursery game danced to music, with the bride in the center of the circle. The rose is of course the flower of the occasion and rose color the hue of table favors, menu, and of the tissue paper the gifts are wrapped in. The roses for the table decoration may be arranged in circles (rings) and all the viands served may be round in shape, which will be very novel and pretty. Cutlets and other good things can easily be made to take the circlet shape.

If your quest is a shower that no one else is the neighborhood has yet discovered, "Moth-proof Cedar Chest" is well worth a thought. This is a most

[Concluded on page 58]



**D**ARK rooms and corners disappear like magic before the cheery, sunny, happy advent of

### ACME QUALITY PAINTS & FINISHES

The "Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" and a smaller book on "Home Decorating" will tell you *exactly* what paints should be used—how they should be used—for every painting need. Both books are *free* on request. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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St. Louis	Fort Worth	Portland
Pittsburgh	Dallas	San Francisco
Cincinnati	Topeka	Los Angeles

### Have an Acme Quality Shelf

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnish, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.





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**N**O adjusting. Just slip it on and forget it. The elastic edge holds it securely in place.

Comes in a sealed sanitary package. This insures you a clean veil. Caution: Always look for name SLIP-PON on every veil.

Carry one in your bag for emergencies. 10c at your favorite shop. If you don't find "Slip-pons" there we'll send you

A "SLIP-PON" FREE for address of store and addresses of ten women friends.

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233 Fourth Avenue New York

## SLIP-PON "Just Slip it on!" VEILS



absolutely prevents cutting, drop stitching and "runs", no matter how tightly the stocking is drawn. Simple, easy to adjust, of finest chamois, linen sewn, and in all colors.

**10c** for a card of four

Made by the same firm that manufactures the West Electric Hair Curlers. Ask your dealer for the West Stocking Shield or send us his name with money or stamps. Satisfaction, or money refunded.

**WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.**  
134 Columbia Ave. Phila., Pa.



## THE JOLLIFICATIONS OF JUNE

[Continued from page 57]

practical gift. Each member of the group contributes so much to its purchase and the chest is presented with a funny little prologue in rhyme recited by the hostess. Other novelty showers are a "Boudoir Shower" which is nice for a distribution of personal gifts; an "Ironing Shower," of irons, holders, wax-pads, etc.; a "Rainy-Day Shower," which consists of over-shoes, mackintosh, umbrellas, storm signal cards, and rainy-day diversions.

In these days of the much discussed efficiency housekeeping, a "Step-Saving Shower" would be both timely and useful. To it each contributor would be asked to bring the article, or a duplicate of it rather, which had saved her most steps or otherwise most successfully reduced her work.

For a comic plan, send the future bride an announcement which purports to foretell a "Wonderful Exhibit of Modern Household Appliances," to be held at a certain place on a certain date. Each of the bride's friends, being in the secret, brings some useful household appliance, such as a fireless-cooker, a vacuum-

cleaner, a patent pie-plate, a corkscrew, a can-opener, or whatever she can afford. These appliances are grouped and ticketed as an exhibit and all contributors, when the bride is admitted, pretend to examine them for the first time. When as much fun as possible has been extracted from this nonsense feature, the future housekeeper is told that the entire exhibit is hers. In the case of large articles such as a vacuum-cleaner, it is great fun to dress up each gift in some absurd way with hats and bonnets of tissue paper.

A pretty way to shower handkerchiefs, hosiery, lingerie and similar gifts is by means of a favor holder in the shape of a wedding-bell. The bell is suspended in the arch of a doorway for instance. From its clapper suspend streamers of white ribbon. When pulled these ribbons destroy the bell and bring the gifts showering down.

A good idea in connection with this shower is to present also some useful bells for the new home—a card-table bell, a dinner bell, a desk bell, or a clock with a chime.

## THE GOOD SQUARE COW

By DAVID M. CORY

**I**F a cow slips in a meadow  
Of clover pink and sweet,  
Do you think she'll break the buttercups  
That grow about her feet?

The cattails are not really tails  
Of pussy cats, you know;  
They're only just a kind of grass  
That in the meadows grow.

The tiger-lily isn't fierce,  
Although her name is so;  
She's just like all the flowers  
That sweetly nod and blow.

Now, children, get a ruler  
And a pencil sharpened fine,  
And see if you can draw a cow  
That's just as nice as mine.





I can enjoy myself again since I cleared my skin with

# Resinol Soap

"When my complexion was red, rough and unsightly, I was so *ashamed* that I never had any fun. I imagined that people avoided me—perhaps they *did*! But the regular use of Resinol Soap—with a little Resinol Ointment just at first—has given me back my clear, healthy skin, I *wish* you'd try it!"

But Resinol Soap is not meant solely to improve poor complexions. Its gentle, healing medication is just what a good skin needs to *protect* it from the inroads of wind, dust, sun and time.

You are sure to enjoy using Resinol Soap, because it is so *exceptionally* pure, cleansing and refreshing. It contains no harsh, drying alkali, and is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to its Resinol medication, which *doctors* prescribe widely in their

treatment of skin affections, *Resinol Soap is excellent for the hair, for the bath, and for a baby's tender skin.*

Sold by all druggists. For sample cake, free, with miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 14-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

### Knox Sparkling Lemon Jelly Dessert



Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in 2 cups boiling water. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice. Strain into molds first dipped in cold water and chill. Add dates, nuts, berries, oranges, bananas, fresh fruit—or canned fruit.

If fruit is added to the jelly it may be served as a salad on crisp lettuce leaves, accompanying with mayonnaises or any salad dressing.

**I** KNOW every woman wants distinctive clothes and hats. Every woman should want distinctive table dainties. By using Knox Sparkling Gelatine you can combine your own personal ideas with our tested recipes.

When you serve **Knox Sparkling Gelatine** to your family or guests you are complimenting and pleasing them with something that is your own creation.

With either package of Knox Plain Sparkling Gelatine or Knox Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine (Lemon Flavor) you can make four pints of jelly. Besides jellies you can show originality in making *Salads, Puddings, Candies* and other good things.

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## PERENNIAL BLOOM

[Continued from page 10]

Some quality in the repressed excitement of her face made him look at her searchingly; he followed her back into the dining-room. She stood upon the hearth-rug with a new, alien expression in her bearing; a freedom, an audacity foreign to her type.

"I heard this morning that I've come into a little fortune from Uncle Davis. It isn't huge, but I have it all. I know we used to reckon that he must have at least two hundred and eighty a year."

"Two hundred and eighty a year!" Duncan's smile beamed and broadened; it crept, as a smile at something very satisfactory indeed, to his eyes. "Why, my dear girl, I congratulate you."

"Thanks, Duncan."

"I am extremely glad. We can pay off the mortgage on this house right away, if you can touch your capital—"

"We?"

Her tone tingled through the flrid, thickset man standing there.

"Well \* \* \* well, if you're willing, of course, Ethel, but \* \* \*"

"But?"

"A woman wants someone to advise her about money, and as your husband, that's the course I most certainly—"

"Don't be certain about anything, Duncan; least of all about your wife."

That she was hatted and coated now struck him anew—this time as a fact to be reckoned with, rather sinister.

"Duncan, why do you suppose I'm still living with you? Don't answer. I'll answer."

"For the last six years, at least, I've been looking after your house, sewing on your buttons, obeying your orders, simply because it was the only way I had of earning my living. For at least the last six years you've been to me just a peculiarly exacting, unremunerative sort of employer."

"A lot of women feel that way; a lot of women, if they'd the money to go, would leave their husbands to-morrow, only they can't pay their railway fares."

"Men are queer; they seem to think that eating at the same table with them, serving them, cajoling them when they're in a bad temper, and so on, are exercises that keep a wife's love warm."

"I'm sick of it all, Duncan; sick of you. I can't love you. It's all gone. More than that—I can tell you so. For I'm free."

"Ethel!"

"I have two hundred and eighty a year. Good-by."

"Ethel! I been a good husband—"

"What is a good husband?" she asked, laughing. Her laughter was horribly effective; so effective that it struck him into dumbness. Then she added:

"Any employer will board a servant, and pay her enough to clothe her."

Suddenly, he faced his wife, and she was a total stranger to him, as much a stranger as when he had met her twelve years ago at a dance.

"Good night," she said, "you'll have to come and see me when I'm settled."

"Settled \* \* \*?"

She was between him and the door, and she went out swiftly, and into the road. After a dumfounded moment he ran after her, to see that a taxicab, which had been prowling about as if waiting for someone, had been, indeed, waiting for her. He was not in time to stop her departure, nor to hear the address she gave.

It was a week later when Ethel wrote to Duncan to let him know the address to which to forward letters; and it was within an hour of receiving her few brief lines that he was at the flat, with an eagerness in his manner which put her strangely in mind of the dead days.

There was a cheerful independence about her; as they talked—the first foolishly difficult moments past—she allowed her opinion on various matters, lightly, heartedly, to differ from his, and he found that he could not contradict her without equivocation, assert himself stubbornly, or disregard her, any more than he could contradict, disregard, or be automatically assertive with any attractive woman.

She wore a new gown, too, which he had never seen before; she had dressed her hair anew; she was all new.

It was strange to sit down at her little round dinner-table, a guest; strange to wait upon her, to get her a dish from the sideboard, and to come to her side with it, and put it back again when she had leisurely helped herself; strange to hear her, careless of what, after all, s' must still recollect were his pronounced views, advancing her own; strange, later, in the tiny sitting-hall, to rise, suddenly and instinctively, when she arose; to wait for her to seat herself first.

Stranger still it was, and infinitely disappointing, to hold her hand and say good-by—to leave her like any chance visitor; strange—strange not to be missed.

She did not wish to be kissed, either.

He said uncertainly: "You'll get tired of all this; it'll be awfully lonely; it's not the life for a woman."

"It is lovely," said Ethel.

Duncan stared piteously. "But you must own it's lonely."

"It's no lonelier than it was at Golder's Green." She laughed. "Oh, you're curious, you men. You think any man is better than no man."

"If you think of me as any man—"

[Continued on page 62]



## *Reduces your egg bills*

**Another advantage in using Royal Baking Powder makes delicious, wholesome food with fewer eggs—giving high quality at low cost**

Just use an additional quantity of Royal, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted. Try the following recipes, which are practical illustrations:

Appetizing and wholesome as well as economical. Will keep for 2 or 3 weeks.



### **Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake**

- |                           |                                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup brown sugar         | 1 teaspoon nutmeg               |
| 1 1/4 cups water          | 1 teaspoon cinnamon             |
| 1 cup seeded raisins      | 1/2 teaspoon salt               |
| 2 ounces citron, cut fine | 2 cups flour                    |
| 1/2 cup shortening        | 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |

**DIRECTIONS:**—Boil sugar, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan 3 minutes. When cool, add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well; bake in loaf pan about 45 minutes.

(The old method (Fruit Cake) called for two eggs)

A very appetizing white cake not over rich and easy to make.



### **Lady Cake**

- |                          |                                 |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 4 tablespoons shortening | 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |
| whites of two eggs       | 1/2 teaspoon almond extract     |
| 2 1/2 cups flour         | 1 1/4 cups sugar                |
|                          | 3/4 cup milk                    |
|                          | 1/4 teaspoon salt               |

**DIRECTIONS:**—Cream shortening, add sugar, and mix thoroughly; add milk, a little at a time, alternately with the flour which has been sifted with the salt and baking powder; add flavoring and fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake 45 minutes in loaf pan in a moderate oven; cover with white icing.

(The old method called for 6 eggs)

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Bridgeburg, Ont., Canada

# PERENNIAL BLOOM

[Continued from page 60]

"No; worse, my dear Duncan, worse. Any man was at least dutifully civil, but you, as a husband, were a privileged tyrant."

"Ethel!"

"A small tyrant, one of the perpetual, nagging kind. However, that's all over. Don't let us ever speak of it. You've been as nice to me as 'any man' would have been, this evening, and I prefer you so. As a husband—"

Then he went home, and thought and thought.

He had told the neighbors, and let the maid and the odd-job boy understand that his wife was away on a long visit. He had felt, securely, at first, that the separation could not last, that a woman, after all, must come soon to regret the loss of a man of her own. That—hang it!—a husband was a husband, and not to be lightly declined.

But now \* \* \*

He returned her dinner with one at Les Gobelins Restaurant, where they had old associations. She fixed the hour early, as she must leave for a theater party.

She was somewhat late for the theater-party after all, for, from some long-dried fount, the conversational element had sprung again.

He was keenly wretched when she vanished from him, and the next day he wrote her:

\* \* \* we used to like long country walks. I daresay all your time is not filled up, and I'm very lonely on Saturday afternoons. Will you come down to Escher, and we'll walk through the woods, and have tea at \* \* \*

Ethel accepted for a Saturday afternoon three weeks ahead. During those three weeks he had tea at her flat once, in with quite a crowd of other people—Laura's friends—who obviously did not know of, nor would have been interested in, the late relationship. During these three weeks, too, he observed himself often and carefully in his mirror, and fretted over ties and socks like a troubled boy going anxiously courting. He ordered a gray suit from his tailor. Gray suited him, and, moreover, she used to fancy him in gray.

On a springlike day, a Saturday—the Saturday—he first put it on. Also, he wore three violets in his button-hole, and carried a bunch of them for Ethel.

She met him at Waterloo.

They walked through budding woods, picked bluebells, had tea at a cottage much patronized by tourists. They sat on a bank near a village—one of those little efficient vilages that grow up around London—and watched the builders at work on a nearly completed little house that roused small, fond, ordinary memories of excruciating painfulness to him—

in each of them. Out of the pain in his memory, he spoke in a subdued voice.

"I'm letting our house, Ethel. I can't stay there alone. It's in the hands of the house-agents we took it from."

"How very wise of you," she replied coolly; "and you?"

He cleared his throat before he could speak again.

"I—I'm in rooms again."

She started, and looked around at him, flushing. Within her thoughts suddenly arose, making a chaos of busy womanly questions \* \* \* 'in rooms' \* \* \* then \* \* \* his socks? \* \* \* Do they air the washing when it comes home? \* \* \* his digestion is not good; will they take care \* \* \*?"

"Oh, really!" she cried aloud, with a little break of hurried laughter, "you're a bachelor once more—how charming!"

"No," he protested, "it's not charming."

"What! You don't like renewing your bachelorhood as well as I enjoy renewing my spinsterhood?"

"I suppose not." Then he said doggedly, "I suppose I've got more to lose than you had."

"More to lose?" she murmured. "For example—"

"The—the dearest girl—best wife—"

Then, while her color rose vividly—as it used to do so easily in the old spring courting days—and the small pulses in her throat beat just as they did so long ago, he began to speak in the simple, puzzled, helpless way of a man lost upon strange domestic seas.

"There's always something to remember and tell the landlady about. My shirts—she doesn't air 'em. And those 'cellular things' you used to mend till they were quite done for—she says they can't be mended. I wondered if you'd buy me a hank of the right cotton—"

Ethel stared at the small house opposite through a thick veil of tears. Stricken, she said abruptly:

"Send them to me."

"Thank you," he said humbly. "Then the evenings, you know, are very lonely. I don't know exactly what you and I used to do after dinner, but—"

"But I do," she replied, a little hardness in her voice. "You read the paper and I played patience or mended your 'cellular things.' Sometimes you spoke—but only if anything had gone wrong and you wished to complain."

"Surely," he exclaimed, "I never complained!"

He turned upon her a look full of genuine surprise.

She laughed again, the laughter that was so new to him, and got up.

"Duncan, I have a train to catch."

[Continued on page 63]

## Keep Youthful!

"A woman can be young but once, but she can be youthful always." It is the face that tells the tale of time. Faithful use of

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will keep the skin fresh and youthful. Sarah Bernhardt began its use twenty years ago—today she is proclaimed "young at seventy-one"



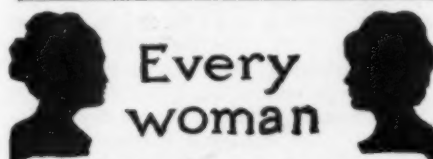
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**ROSY CHEEKS!**

## JAP ROSE SOAP

CLEANSSES AND INVIGORATES

## PERENNIAL BLOOM

[Continued from page 62]

"Stay and dine at the inn where we used to dine."

"Thanks; but I have an engagement."

All the way up, he wondered, rackingly, with whom her dinner engagement could be.

The following morning there arrived at Ethel's flat a parcel of the "cellular things" with a letter from Duncan.

As she finished mending the last pair, another question added itself to those which had worried her the day before.

"His week-ends? Will even they be spent in rooms?"

She was not a clever woman; she had little real power of logic and deduction; she tried long and painstakingly to set out and analyze the reasons which had compassed this break in their life together.

Ethel stood, thrilled, within the house at Golder's Green, which had so long been home to her. The house-agents had not yet succeeded in letting it furnished, and her dining-room table yearned for polish, her blue-silk curtains were drawn unevenly, and there was some clutter left haplessly upon the kitchen-table. The garden had not been weeded for weeks.

"Thursday morning," she said to herself, as she drew off her gloves hastily at sight of that dining-room table, "Only two days until \* \* \*

But it was on Friday night, some hours less than the two days she had given herself, when Duncan arrived, palpitating. His hair had been cut by a West-End man; he wore the reminiscent gray clothes; he carried a new suit-case. He looked, in short, like a tentative, but eager young man invited for the first time to spend a week-end with his affianced.

A telegram had apprised her of his acceptance of her invitation, and she had fluttered around the house dusting, and instructing, all the morning, and got very hastily into her new black frock at tea time; but the natural histrionic gifts of woman enabled her to dissemble all this, so that when she gave him her hand, in the little Liberty drawing-room, she appeared perfectly at her ease.

"It's good of you," he stuttered, holding fast to the hand, "good of you. Have you taken—er—taken—"

"Sit down," she said cordially, "and have some tea." She gave him a cup. "There's plenty of room here, you see, and I thought that you might like to come—"

"Ethel!"

"—for a week-end."

After dinner, which had passed—curiously enough for both of them—like one of those intoxicating, dreamful entertainments of loverhood, Duncan said, as simply as a little child, "I'm glad you asked me now, for it is my birthday to-morrow."

[Concluded on page 69]

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*Aerolux Keeps Hot Sun Out — Lets Cool Breezes In*

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## THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 23]

suit, and commenced dressing with feverish haste.

Twenty minutes later, as the Professor paused on the landing of the staircase, an exclamation of pleased surprise escaped him. The florist had transformed the stately entrance-hall and rooms beyond, into fairyland. Tall, graceful palms, plants, and clusters of cut flowers filled every nook and cranny. Beautiful as was the scene, however, it had only power to hold Professor Norcross for a moment, and he lost no further time in reaching the library. Ethel was there before him.

"It is good of you to come to me," she exclaimed, impulsively extending her hand, and Norcross clasped it in both of his.

"Are you not feverish?" he asked, alarmed at the hotness of her hand and her flushed cheeks.

"Perhaps," indifferently. "Professor, tell me"—she stopped and continued more slowly—"what is your opinion of Julian Barclay?" Norcross hesitated, and she added proudly, "I desire the truth."

"Very well." Norcross looked at her compassionately. "On first meeting Julian Barclay, I thought him a pleasant, agreeable companion"—he was picking his words with care—"a man who might have achieved considerable success in whatever he undertook, had not a comfortable income, unfortunately, deprived him of the necessary spur."

"And you think now—" suggested Ethel, as he paused.

"Too much idleness is the curse of many American men," he said. "If they cannot find a proper outlet for their energies, and there comes a time when idleness palls, they are apt to turn to unwise occupations and corrupt associates. Such, I fear, is the case with Julian Barclay."

Ethel covered her eyes as if to shut out the glare of the drop-light electric lamp by which they were sitting, and Norcross, reaching over, switched it off. In the light thrown out by the open fire on the hearth, he could see Ethel fairly distinctly, and he frowned as he detected the effect of her sleepless night. The light and shadow of the room, the high-backed, brocaded chair in which she sat, her perfectly fitted, simple evening gown, made a perfect picture, and Norcross' bottled-up indignation found vent in a muttered curse. It seemed criminal that a man of Julian Barclay's caliber should have it within his power to cause her suffering.

Ethel, suddenly conscious of the silence, dropped her hand from before her eyes, and glanced at Norcross. She found his pleasant face set in grim lines.

"Go on," she begged. "You were saying—"

"Idleness, money, no home ties, and

the Far East are a bad combination," he responded gravely. "Barclay seldom speaks of the years he has spent in the Orient; in fact, he leads one to infer that he knows little about it. That first prejudiced me against him, for I had heard—" he did not finish his sentence.

"You had heard"—prompted Ethel.

"I had a letter from Dr. Shively recently, calling my attention to the fact that Barclay, in his deposition to the coroner here, and read at the inquest on Tilghman in Atlanta, omitted all mention of his whereabouts at the time Tilghman was poisoned. As every passenger even remotely connected with the affair proved his alibi absolutely, Barclay's omission was surprising."

"But he said last night that he was sightseeing," interposed Ethel, in a vain endeavor to combat what reason told her was the truth.

"Neither Shively nor I caught a glimpse of him about the station," said Norcross gravely. "And Shively writes that he has questioned many of the passengers, porters, and railroad officials at Atlanta, and all state they did not see a man answering his description. Until Shively's letter arrived, I had thought the Jap, Ito, guilty, but now, after last night"—he paused and contemplated her thoughtfully—"I am forced to believe that Julian Barclay must be involved in the crime, also."

Ethel turned from him. "Your reasons?" she demanded.

"We both saw him talking to Ito last night."

"Mr. Barclay admitted at luncheon that he had found Ito here." Ethel was dogged in her determination to exonerate Barclay.

"True; but when I asked him if he had not come face to face with the Japanese he denied it, and yet you and I saw him talking with Ito and remember his words." Norcross laid his hand on hers. "Miss Ogden, I am hurting you cruelly—it grieves me to inflict pain."

Ethel smiled bravely, but as she met the sympathy in his kind eyes, her own brimmed over. "It is better that I face the situation," she said. "Why did Julian bring up the subject of the burglar at luncheon; why mention the Japanese at all?"

"Because"—Norcross lowered his voice—"I believe he knew we were watching him."

"Oh!" Ethel's thoughts flew to her miniature; Barclay had not stopped to get it on returning from the interview with the interloper, and he had not inquired for it since. He must have seen her that night and supposed she had taken it.

[Continued on page 66]





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## THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 64]

"Barclay was clever enough to take the bull by the horns," added Norcross. "He forestalled all questions by announcing that he was chasing a burglar, a meritorious act. To others, it will be a perfectly valid excuse for his appearance in the hall at that hour; but, unfortunately for him, we looked out of the window." Norcross moved his chair closer. "Had you seen Barclay before luncheon?"

"No."

"Nor had I," thoughtfully. "Then he chose the first opportunity to tell us, in each other's presence, of his pursuit of the so-called burglar."

Ethel contemplated Norcross in despair; he was weaving a web about Barclay which even her loyalty could not ignore. "Had Mr. Barclay known Dwight Tilghman for a long time?" she asked.

"No. I believe they met for the first time the night before Tilghman's death."

Ethel brightened. "Then, if they were virtually strangers, there could be no motive for the crime."

Norcross did not answer at once, and when he finally spoke it was with reluctance. "We played poker that night on the train, and Dwight Tilghman won a large sum of money from Barclay; yet, when Tilghman's personal belongings and baggage were examined after his death, the money was missing."

Vaguely, Ethel grasped his meaning. "No, I don't believe it," she cried. "It was no sordid crime, and if that is the only motive imputed to Julian for the murder of Tilghman, I'll not believe him guilty."

Norcross moved uncomfortably. "I only hope that time will prove you right," he said. "It may be that Barclay knew this Ito in the Orient, and that the Japanese is merely blackmailing him for some past indiscretion which has nothing whatsoever to do with Tilghman's death."

"I believe you are right!" Ethel drew a long breath; hope had returned to her. She sprang to her feet. "How can I thank you?"

"By getting back your old, gay smile," he exclaimed, coloring warmly, and speaking lightly to conceal his emotion. "There, that's better," as Ethel flashed him a grateful look and a smile. "I hope you will always come to me to let me try to solve your problems."

"I will, I will," she promised fervently. "I want to speak to you about a—" but the entrance of Walter Ogden interrupted her.

"I've been looking all over for you, Norcross," he said, not seeing Ethel, who had retired to one of the windows as he came in the doorway. "Jane wants to see you; something is wrong with the decorations, and she thinks you can advise her."

"Surely, I will come at once. Will you excuse me, Miss Ogden?" bowing toward Ethel; and Ogden wheeled about.

"I didn't know you were down-stairs, Ethel," he exclaimed. "Coming with us?" holding back the portières as he spoke.

"Not just this minute," Ethel spoke hastily, and, without another word, stepped inside one of the deep window recesses.

Ethel sighed with relief when the men had left her. She wanted to be by herself; Norcross had given her food for thought. Blackmail, ah, that would explain Barclay's surprising interview with the Japanese. What more likely than that Ito, a fugitive from justice, had applied to Barclay for funds with which to escape from the country? He probably had bled Barclay before. As for the indiscretion—if Barclay had remained any time in the East, he might have become involved in some political entanglement.

Pulling the catch of the leaded window, which opened inward, Ethel peeped outside. The cold air was refreshing, and she filled her lungs with it. A wide balcony ran by the window, and leaning farther out, Ethel was startled by seeing a man standing at the end overlooking the street. He moved slightly, and, by the light shining through the drawing-room windows, Ethel recognized Barclay. Quickly, she drew back into the library and closed the window.

Barclay might have heard the faint noise the window-catch made falling into place, but his attention was centered on James Patterson who stood at the corner, just under the arc-light, talking to a man. They were too far away for Barclay to distinguish a word of their conversation, but Patterson's gestures indicated that it was animated. At last, Patterson moved toward the Ogden residence, his companion lifted his hat in farewell, and, simultaneously, the arc light fell full upon Yoshida Ito.

Dumbfounded, Barclay continued to stare at the little Japanese, and before he had collected his wits, Ito had disappeared. He was not so much surprised at the Japanese's unexpected appearance, but to find him in Patterson's company fairly took his breath away. He had gone out on the balcony to smoke a cigarette uninterrupted, but when he re-entered the drawing-room through the long French window, his cigarette was still unlighted.

Barclay found the drawing-room deserted, and he was about to go into the library when the entrance of James Patterson stopped him. The two men stared at each other for a prolonged moment.

"This is better luck than I expected,"

[Continued on page 68]

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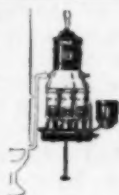
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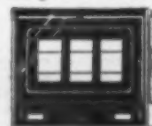
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### What a Grainy, Muddy Complexion!

Do you want a complexion like a lily, free from blemishes, freckles, muddiness? You should make up your mind to rely exclusively on the complexion cream which you can easily prepare yourself at home in a very few moments, as follows: With an ounce of zintone which you can obtain at any drug store for fifty cents, mix two tablespoonfuls of glycerine in a pint of water. This makes a rich, satiny cream. Use it very liberally, every day. This cream is very economical. Its effects are indeed splendid.

### My Hair Is Thin and Falls Out!

Hair is very sensitive to certain materials. You should use liberally a formula made by mixing one ounce of beta-quinol in half a pint of water and a half pint of alcohol, or one pint of bay rum instead of the water and alcohol if preferred. This gives you over a pint of this hair treatment. The beta-quinol can be obtained at any drug store for fifty cents. The great economy of this, also, is very apparent. This should be used every day. Then stop worrying about your hair.

### What an Unusual Shampoo!

Fatty accumulation tends to take away from hair and scalp most of their vigor and beauty. You can keep them unusually free from these by using a shampoo, unusual in its rich lather and luxurious cleansing qualities, by dissolving a teaspoonful of eggol in a half cup of water. Use as a head wash. For twenty-five cents you can get enough eggol for over a dozen shampoos. It will charm you.

### Presence of Blackheads Unnecessary

Many women struggle for months and years with these pests, which ruin beauty. It is impossible to pinch them out, and face steaming tends to enlarge the pores. By sprinkling some powdered neroxin on a hot, wet sponge and rubbing this on the blackheads, you will find that in a few moments nearly all of them will have vanished from sight. The neroxin can be obtained at any drug store for fifty cents.

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Removal of superfluous hairs from the face, arms, hands, arm-pits, etc., seems to be a tremendous problem to many women. Yet it is very easy. A safe and effective method is to moisten the superfluous hairs with sulfo solution, which can be procured at any drug store for a dollar. Thick or light hair, even on delicate parts of the body, may in this way be removed with ease and perfect safety. A hair-free skin is a wonderful improvement to beauty.

### No Excuse for All Those Wrinkles!

A few moments' attention each day can do wonders in taking away the appearance of age from the face. Whatever else you do, use this formula without fail every day. From any drug store, get two ounces of eptol for fifty cents and mix with one tablespoonful of glycerine in half a pint of water. Mix thoroughly. Use this cream liberally and rub in thoroughly. Then look at yourself in the mirror!

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## THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 66]

said Patterson. "I have wanted to see you alone for some time."

"Your ambition might have been attained before, if you had let me know you wished to see me," replied Barclay sarcastically, and Patterson stiffened.

"I am not so sure of that," he rejoined swiftly. "Your manner has led me to believe that you desire to avoid me—as in the station at Atlanta."

"You flatter yourself," Barclay laughed easily; then his voice deepened. "Now, sir, that you have your opportunity, what do you wish?"

"That you leave town at once."

"Anything more?"

"That you have nothing further to do with Ethel Ogden."

Barclay's hitherto suppressed anger rose to boiling heat. "On what grounds do you make that request?" he demanded.

"As her affianced husband," with calm effrontery.

Barclay flinched. "Had not Mr. Ogden given me to understand that you and Miss Ogden are engaged, I would decline to believe your assertion."

"By—" Patterson, in a towering rage, stepped toward him, but Barclay stood his ground, and he stopped. "I will give you just twelve hours to leave Washington, or I will expose you," he announced.

"Thanks," dryly. "I had planned to leave to-morrow, but now—I'll stay here."

Patterson's smile was far from pleasant. "Bravado will not help you," he snarled, raising his voice. "I shall go the limit to protect Miss Ogden and Washington society from the attention of—"

"Miss Ogden can take care of herself," announced a clear voice behind them, and the two men swung about and confronted Ethel.

"I must ask you to leave, Ethel," broke in Patterson hastily, before Barclay could speak.

"I will not." And she stepped nearer. "I have only just come in. What were your quarreling about, Mr. Barclay?"

"A matter of no moment," he answered. "A—a political discussion."

Ethel looked at him closely. "Thank you," she murmured, and her warm, bright smile almost broke down his composure.

Ethel's manner to Barclay had not been lost on Patterson, and it fanned his jealousy to a white heat.

"Let's have done with lies," he began roughly. "This man is not a fit associate for you, Ethel."

"Wait!" Ethel laid a restraining hand on Barclay's arm as he stepped toward Patterson; and he thrilled at her touch. Proudly, Ethel faced Patterson. "I will have you understand that I choose my

[Continued on page 75]

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## PERENNIAL BLOOM

[Continued from page 63]

She replied softly. "Well, did you think I had forgotten that?"

She was smiling meditatively at the fire. Her hair, her pride and joy in the old days, caught lovely tones of light from the pink, shaded candles in the sconces on the wall; the V-cut neck of the black frock showed her very pretty throat, and beneath her skirt hem her small, slender feet, extravagantly slippered, rested on the fender-rail.

He longed for her terribly, and sighed.

She spoke mysteriously, somehow managing to conceal from him the mad beating of her heart.

"I don't know if I shall be able to keep on this house—all by myself."

"T—two hundred and—eighty a year—"

"I suppose I shan't have more than one hundred and eighty now—"

"Now?"

"After buying your birthday present."

Trembling all over, yet smiling, she drew from behind the cushion at her back a folded paper, which she handed to him.

"I hope you'll like what I've bought."

He unfolded the paper, and read stupidly through the deed of purchase of this very house, the first little house of dreams.

"Ethel, but—"

"So the house is yours!"

"No, yours."

"Ours."

After the trembling silence she said feverishly, "So I'm not sure if—if I can keep it on all by myself."

"But together—"

"Together, we could."

"Ethel, I've been—you said it—a complaining tyrant. A—a beast. A—"

She suddenly broke into tears. "It doesn't matter," she sobbed.

Then the wisdom of his earlier days returned to him, and bloomed again as in spring. He had her out of her chair, and in his arms, with her mouth to his, in all the suddenness and fury of a tempest.

"Perhaps, darling, nothing much does matter besides this!"

"This," she sobbed, "and, D—D—Duncan, enough of it, always!"

"Lots of it, always."

"I w—w—want romance."

"Love, I've been thinking—and if it's romance you want, Heaven knows I feel romantic enough about you. Oh, it'll be sweet to come home to you again, and to have you ordering dinner and things—or ordering me! Romance, you darling—darling! I feel like twenty-two again."

In his arms, she looked at him ecstatically.

"So do I! So do I, dearest!"

"I don't understand, do you, how married people ever get stale?"

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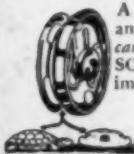
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## FASHIONABLE SWEATERS

By ELSA SCHAPPEL BARSALOUX

THERE never was a season when knitted sweaters promised to be so popular as they do this summer. For both women and children they are taking the place of the hitherto fashionable sports coat. At the beaches, in the tennis courts, and on the golf links, they are all the rage for cool days, and for children they are considered a dress-up luxury even for street wear.

All kinds of colors and shades are being used in the knitting. Blue, pink, orange, lavender, or mustard-color combined with white; or blue and sand-color; or gray and old-rose are all fashionable.

The sweater that slips over the head and is belted in at the waist is especially nobby. The one shown here (Fig. 2) is known as the country-club style. It is made with body and sleeves in one, and is knitted in old-rose with white edges on the cuffs, collar, pockets, and belt. The buttons on the white edge of the pockets are in old-rose. A different color combination could, of course, be used if desired. This is one of the jauntiest styles made this season.

The child's sweater, in jacket style (Fig. 1) is suitable for children from six to eight years of age. It is knitted in robin's-



FIG. 1—CHILD'S KNITTED SWEATER

egg-blue with white cuffs, collar, belt, and buttons. The pocket, too, makes this style of sweater a special joy to little folks. The sailor collar gives it an unusually smart and dressy appearance.

Of course, if desired, a one-piece slip-over-the-head sweater way be worn as becomingly by the child as by the grown-up, and if a knitting expert can follow the model of Fig. 2, a miniature country-club style might be worked out. Our directions, however, provide only for the aforementioned sizes. Choose your attractive knitting yarns now, therefore, and start one of these models at once for the home wardrobe.

*Editor's Note.*—Directions for both these sweaters will be sent on receipt of ten cents, or for one on receipt of five cents. Either stamps or money order can be used. Address Helen Thomas, McCall Company, McCall Building, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. These directions can also be found with other designs, both for crocheting and embroidering in the new edition of the McCall Embroidery Book — price in United States, 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents. Price in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.



FIG. 2—LADIES' SWEATER IN COUNTRY-CLUB STYLE





# Bon Ami

*for white shoes—*

In summer some stores sell more Bon Ami for white shoes than for anything else.

People have discovered in the soft mineral matter of Bon Ami a property like that of French chalk for absorbing and removing stains. Grass stains, for instance, vanish from canvas shoes at a touch of Bon Ami.

Bon Ami does not paint over the dirt; it cleans away the dirt and uncovers the original white. It restores the newness and freshness to the shoes. It does not fill up the seams.

When the original white is finally actually worn off, use the regular shoe whiteners,

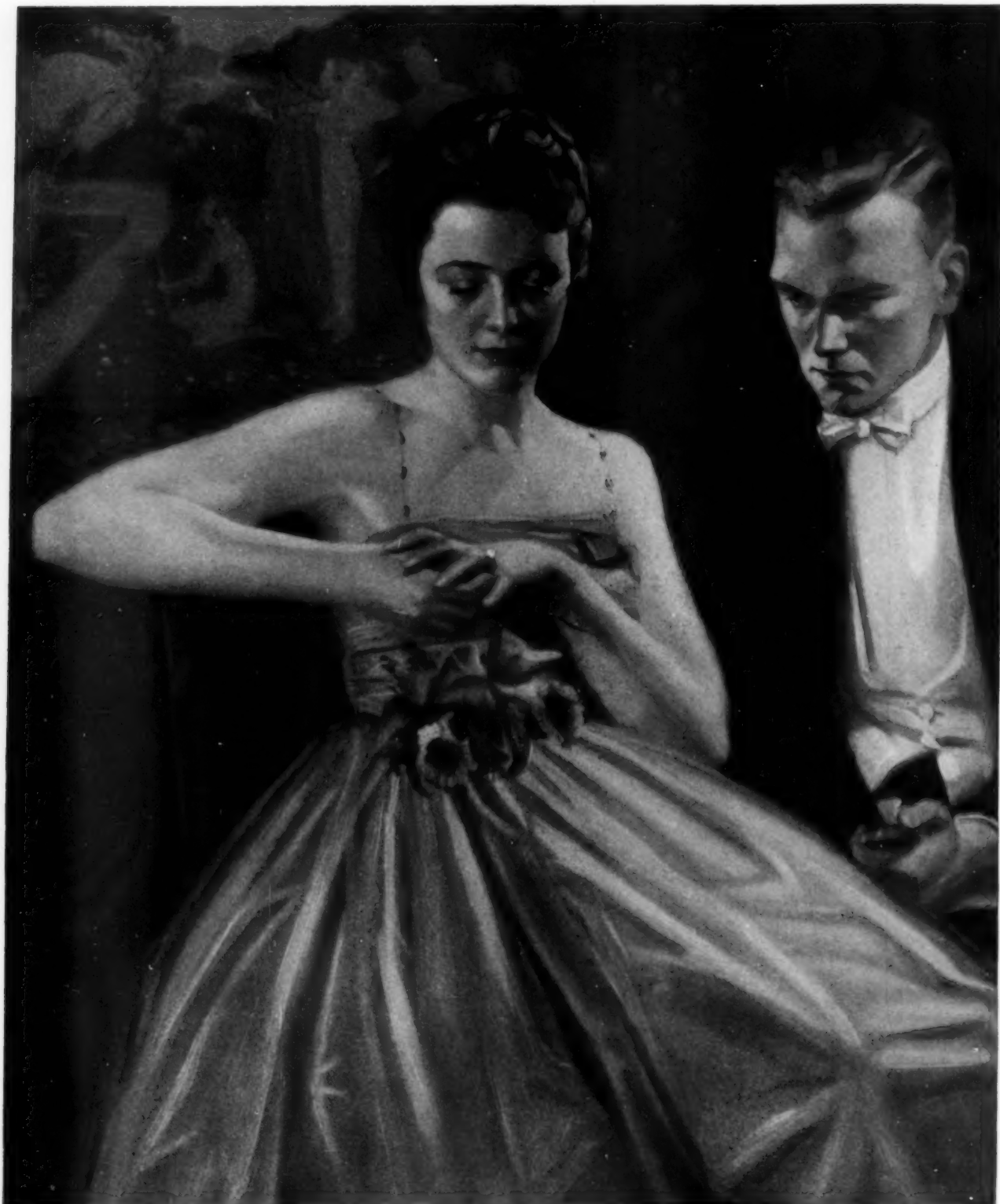
but not until you have gotten a clean surface with Bon Ami—the combination makes an extra-fine job.

For any kind of white shoes except kid. Don't use too much water.

*"Hasn't  
scratched  
yet!"*

Made in  
both Cake  
and Powder form





#### An Advertisement for Delatone

**S**O long as fashion decrees sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves, the woman of refinement requires Delatone to conform modestly to the revealment of arms and shoulders. Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the

quick, safe and certain removal of hair. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for the removal of hair from the face, neck and arms. After application of Delatone, mixed with a little water, the skin is clear, smooth, of natural color, and hairless. Druggists sell Delatone,

or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to your address upon receipt of \$1.00 by the Sheffield Pharmacal Co., Dept. D. R., 339 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. In the Dominion of Canada, orders and remittances should be sent to Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

# PUNISHMENT

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

Author of "Your Child To-day and To-morrow," "Sons and Daughters," etc.



It was in all seriousness that one of the mothers who had been discussing the training of children asked: "What is a good punishment for a child of six?"

That sounds like a real question, and there are, no doubt, many mothers, and fathers, too, who would like to have a short, easy answer to stow away for possible emergencies as they may arise.

The best answer to the question is: "There is no such thing," but of course, that is not satisfactory. Before any other answer can be attempted, however, it is necessary to ask: "What is the punishment to be good for? Is it to be good for the child or for the person who does the punishing? Is it to be good for the child as he happens to be at this moment, or for the child as he is likely to become in the course of the next dozen years?"

The idea of punishment comes early into the life of every individual, as it came early into the life of the race. Moreover, the child's first idea of punishment undergoes many important changes later on, just as mankind's ideas have undergone changes.

Even before he is two years old, your baby will strike at the chair into which he has bumped in the course of his toddling; or he will raise his hand threateningly when you remove from his reach the glittering glass bowl that has caught his eye. These actions are the beginnings of punishment and are plainly the beginnings also of retaliation or vengeance. Indeed, to many people there is no difference between vengeance and punishment.

Whether the young child "hits back" from instinct, or in imitation of treatment he has received from his elders is not very clear. It is sufficiently clear, however, that the punishment which the child inflicts upon others has no value except perhaps to relieve his feelings.

It is to be expected that when a parent imposes some punishment upon her child, she has in mind a worthy purpose. It is disappointing to meet mothers who have not a very clear conception in their own minds of the purpose of the punishment they may be inflicting. The best that many of them have to say for themselves is that punishment will teach a child not to repeat his offense, or that it will warn him to be more careful in the future.

How effective punishments are ordinarily in teaching these lessons every one of us can answer from personal experiences. We have forgotten how we ourselves learned the lessons, but have we not all seen the child who instead of learning "Don't you ever do that again," learned "Don't you ever get caught doing that again!"

It does not seem to matter whether we spank the child for telling an untruth or whether we deprive him of dessert for carelessly soiling his clothes, the immediate effect upon the child is to arouse ill-feeling and antagonism. In this state, the child is hardly prepared to be reasonable or to think calmly and wisely, or to resolve sympathetically to cooperate with the parent's purpose. He sees in the punishment only a form of vengeance.

The first need for those who are confronted with the temptation to punish—and there are very few of us who have not had that temptation—is to take their minds off the objectionable conduct and the damage resulting, and to consider only the child in his relation to the act. We shall find, in most cases, that the child does not foresee the results that follow. Often his act does not mean anything at all. So much of what young children do is just thoughtless movement, jumping, grasping, pulling, and so on. If the little boy comes home with muddy boots, it is because he did not stick to the clean part of the path, not because he had set his heart on bringing mud into the house. If the little girl has failed

to carry out your orders when she went to the store for you, it was because her attention was distracted by something new or exciting, not because she wanted to leave her task uncompleted, or because she sought to annoy you.

It is, therefore, more important to find out why the child does this, or fails to do that, than it is to scold or to inflict suffering. With babies who are old enough to get into mischief, but not old enough to understand what we say to them, we should, of course, not try to reason. We must keep their paths as clear as possible of temptations. It may even be necessary occasionally to slap the wrists of such a child, just enough to get it through his skin that certain conduct is not countenanced. But it is possible, to a much larger extent than most of

us realize, to get the child, as he grows older, to take an interest in learning to do what is desired of him, or to avoid carelessness or habits that are objectionable.

When we take this view of our relation to the child, we look upon punishment not as a penalty for wrong-doing but as a means for making the child change his disposition or attitude. Thus a child is locked into a room, not to punish him for being naughty, but to separate him from others, to prevent his causing further injury, and to give him a chance to think matters over.

In order to produce the effect of making the child think, it is essential that he should see clearly what the punishment is all about. If there is any evidence of ill-feeling on the part of the parent, the child naturally interprets the confinement as the older and stronger person's method of penalizing him for the damage he has done. There should, therefore, be no sign of anger in connection with any attempt to correct the child's conduct or habits. To punish in anger is only to arouse antagonism and to cultivate hatred and resentment.

We must show our disapproval, of course, but it should take the form of grief rather than of anger, for anger always carries with it the suggestion that we are displeased because of the injury caused to us personally. Our disapproval should be directed first of all against the deed, and not the consequences, or the child.

Of course, wrong actions are to be discouraged because they produce undesirable consequences, and we should try to make the child realize this; but we should not make him

[Concluded on page 74]



IN GRANDMOTHER'S DAY



# Cheerfulness in a Tin with a Sifter Top

"Be good and you'll be happy"—if your feet don't hurt.

It's true, you know.

All the wealth and good things in the world won't make you cheerful when something *hurts*.

If it's a definite, locatable pain,—you can most generally fix it. But it is the "fidgets" that you *can't* exactly locate, that make you utterly miserable in the face of every circumstance.

"Fidgets" more than likely come from skin irritation somewhere—just pure mechanics, like a dry bearing in a motor car.

Dousing with Mennen's after your bath is as good for you as it is for baby.

And it's as soothing to your disposition as it is to his.

If your husband is crotchety sometimes (as husbands occasionally are—especially in hot weather) get *him* to try it.

And if he says it's too ladylike, remind him that the soldiers of Uncle Sam shake thousands of tins into their shoes to make marching easier.

Of the hundreds of Talcum Powders on the market, maybe two or three are as good as Mennen's. But it's so easy to be *sure*. Just say "Mennen's" to the druggist; ask him to give you the new large tin.

"Smile Powder" somebody called it, and that's what it really is.

*William Gerhard Mennen*

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

Now in the new large-size economical can



TRADE MARK

MENNEN'S TALCUMS—all with the original borated formula that has never been bettered—include a variety to satisfy every need; Borated, Violet, Sen Yang with a delicate Oriental perfume; Flesh Tint and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed; and the new Talcum for Men, a boon after shaving, with a neutral color that leaves the face free from the pallor of a pure white powder. Send 5 cents for a trial can of any one brand, or 25 cents for any five.

GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.

Laboratories

826 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey

Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec

Sales Agents for Canada:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



feel that our chief concern is with the damage that happens to come to us in a particular instance.

Again, in trying to understand how a child came to commit a wrong, we must assume that the intentions were right or that the child erred because of ignorance. We should not identify the fault with the child. The easiest way to make a child become indifferent to what others think of him is to give him a bad name. Therefore, whatever we have to say against lying, for example, or against carelessness must avoid suggesting that the child is a liar, or that he is irretrievably careless.

AS children grow older, they come to think of punishment less as a kind of penalty for wrong-doing, less even as a kind of warning or lesson against future wrong-doing. They come to understand that whatever it is that we do to the culprit is done for his own betterment, for his own salvation. It is impossible to correct a wrong by means of another wrong. We cannot wash out suffering that is past by adding to the suffering of the sinner.

If we are earnestly trying to help our children to overcome their temptations, to help them learn better ways of doing things, we must cast aside the old ideas of punishment, and we must cast out all feelings of personal injury in our dealings with them.

We shall then seek to understand, ourselves, rather than insist that the children understand. We shall lead them to understand by our sympathetic interpretations, by our impulsive praise and blame. We shall, no doubt, continue to use punishments, though not as penalties. Rather we will use privations, or isolations as means to stimulate thought, or as means to prevent direct opportunity for the repetition of the offense. At the same time, we should not deprive a child of food, or give him an extra dose of sleep by way of punishment for in the one case we discredit something that is desirable, and in the other case we interfere with essential health conditions.

It is not easy for a grown person to change an attitude that has hardened with the years; but it may be helpful to keep in mind these maxims as the problem of punishment presents itself: Do not punish in anger. Consider the motives and temptations of the child before the consequences of the deed. Condemn the deed, and not the child. Make sure that the child understands exactly the offense for which he is reproved. Make sure that the child sees clearly the relation between his offense and your punishment. Never administer excessive punishment.

## Keep Your Hair Well-Dressed



Insist on HUMP Hair Pins

If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 10 cents postage for complete assortment package, or 15c for two packages—the 10c assortment and 5c "invisible" packet for your pocket book. Ask your dealer or write us today.

EVERY woman knows the advantage and attraction of well-dressed hair. HUMP Hair Pins have solved this problem of the ages. Now you can "do up" your hair beautifully—with all-day comfort and saving of time. You'll need only one-third as many HUMP Hair Pins to get better results, and when your hair is once up, it stays up.

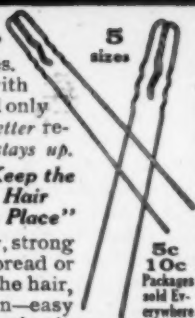
**HUMP HAIR PINS** "Keep the Hair in Place"

A boon for busy, active women. They are dainty, strong and flexible. Satin enamel finish. Will not spread or rust. Nothing to catch or tear the hair. Saves the hair, and prevents "hairpin headaches." Easy to put in—easy to take out. They don't "shake out." That's why they're great. They keep every coil and strand in place.

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.

Sol. H. Goldberg, President

1904 Prairie Ave., Chicago



5 sizes

5c 10c Packages sold everywhere

THESE 5 sizes meet every requirement for every kind of hair. Most economical. You can't lose them.

## SEASONABLE FRUIT RECEIPTS

By OUR SUBSCRIBERS

**CANDIED CHERRIES.**—Stone one quart of ripe cherries and cut them in halves. Make a syrup out of one pound of sugar and one cupful of water, and cook until the drippings from the spoon become brittle when dropped into cold water. Remove the boiling mixture to an asbestos mat, and stir until it begins to granulate. Drop in the cherries, a few at a time, and let each supply stay in the hot syrup for two minutes before removing them to a sieve. Shake the candied fruit gently, and dry on a china dish or marble slab in the sun.

**STRAWBERRY CUPS.**—A quickly prepared and delicious dish may be made by removing the centers of cup cakes, filling each with a mixture of chopped strawberries and almonds, and heaping each with a tiny mound of whipped cream.

**APPLE SNOW.**—Rub a quart of stewed apples through a sieve and sweeten with one cupful of sugar. Season with nutmeg and cinnamon. Beat the whites of four eggs very stiff and stir them into a half pint of cream. Beat this into the apples. Heap the mixture into an aluminum baking-dish and put into the oven for five minutes. Serve with a coating of whipped cream.

**STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM.**—Mix together three pints of thin cream, two boxes of hulled, washed strawberries, which have stood in sugar one hour, one and three-quarters cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of milk, and juice of one lemon. Strain carefully and freeze.

## THE NAMELESS MAN

*[Continued from page 68]*

own friends, and I consider Mr. Barclay worthy of my friendship."

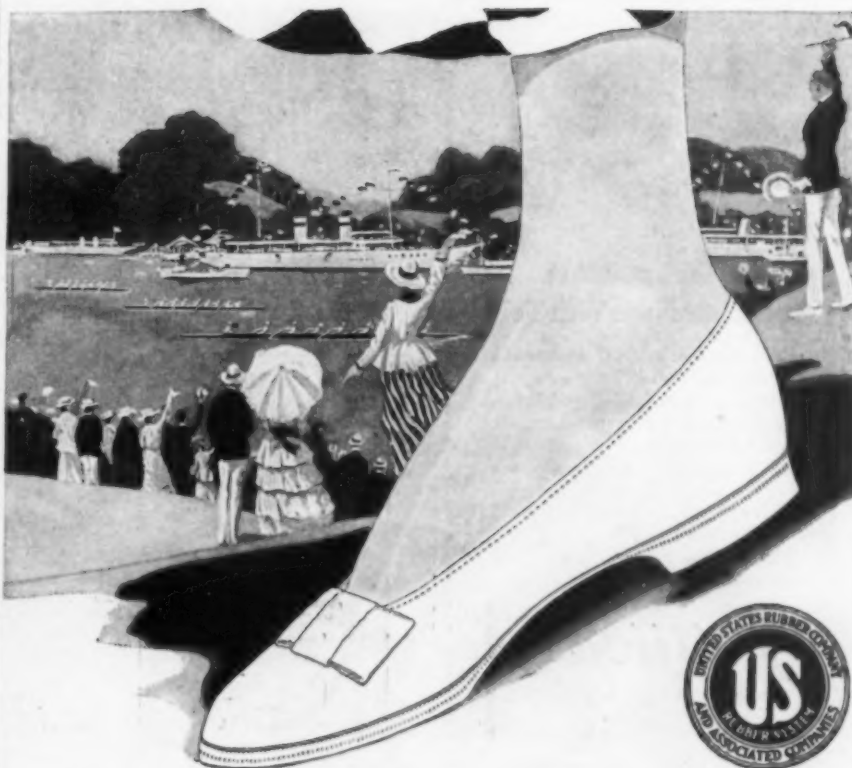
Impulsively, Barclay raised the little hand on his arm and kissed it passionately.

"God bless you!" he murmured.

"Ethel, Ethel," Patterson threw out his hand beseechingly, "you are totally ignorant of Barclay's true character. No, you've got to listen to me," as she drew back, "or, if not to me"—catching sight of Dr. Leonard McLane, who had just stepped inside the drawing-room—"then you must hear Dr. McLane. McLane, who is this man?" pointing to Barclay, who had grown deadly white. Only Ethel heard Barclay's sharply drawn breath as he stood tranquilly waiting.

McLane advanced, bowed to Ethel, and then paused in front of the group.

"Barclay, is it not?" he asked courteously, and held out his hand.

*[To be continued in July McCall's]*

## A New Shoe with a New Charm

A new shoe—a new name—a new attractiveness in style—a new comfort in coolness and graceful flexibility—a new economy worth while. These are reasons why you, too, will appreciate the charm of this big new American shoe family called

# Keds

Keds have cool tops of the firmest and finest of canvas. The soles are made of rubber, full of grace and spring.

Keds prove a necessity to the well-dressed woman who values perfect ease in all of her outdoor games and sports. They are so comfortable outdoors that she also wears them for housework, shopping and leisure dress-up hours.

Keds, in name, means quality, for behind every pair there is the reputation of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world. You will find all that is desirable in materials, workmanship and shapeliness and smart style in any of the three grades of Keds. Ask for Keds, according to price and style desired, under these names:



From  
\$1.50  
up



\$1.25  
to  
\$2.00



\$1.00  
to  
\$1.50

There is style, service and economy in Keds for every member of the family. Keds for girls and boys are national favorites. The lines and support of Keds conform to little growing feet. There is also great economy in their splendid wearing qualities.

## United States Rubber Company

New York



## Omit Bran And Your Face Will Tell

Poor elimination is the cause of bad complexions.

It is due to fine foods with too little roughage. For instance, wheat foods without bran.

At least once daily, eat some bran. Eat it in flake form to be doubly efficient. Eat it in Pettijohn's to have it inviting.

The results of one week will convince you. Try it.

### Pettijohn's

**Rolled Wheat—25% Bran**

A breakfast dainty whose savory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran.

Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe.

Both sold in packages only.

(1570)

## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

*The Original Worcestershire*

A wonderful aid for making food more tasty. Even "warmed over" dishes made temptingly delicious. For gravies, steaks, chops, cold cuts, eggs, soups and salads.

100 recipes on handy Kitchen Hanger free from

**LEA & PERRINS**

241 West Street New York



## Agents Wanted

Make Big Money selling guaranteed waterproof Kitchen Aprons. Three styles and colors. WHITE AND LEARN HOW TO OBTAIN SAMPLES WITHOUT COST.

**Moss Apron Company** 770 Platt Bldg. Rochester, N. Y.

When answering ads. mention McCALL'S



## FOOD FOR THE OLD FOLKS

By ISOBEL BRANDS

SHALL grandmother eat the same kind of food that her little granddaughter of ten eats, or that she herself ate when she was actively managing a family at the age of thirty-five? Decidedly, no! People in declining years need to vary their diet and select somewhat carefully from the foods served at the general family table.

Another change that comes with years is a slowing down of the bodily processes themselves. Since there is no longer any need to build tissue, since the lungs are generally not so stimulated by active exercise, the blood tends to flow more calmly and there is not so much internal energy expended to "keep the body going." This



### SUGGESTIVE MENUS FOR OLD AGE

#### BREAKFAST

Soft Fruit  
Cooked Cereal  
Toast with Butter  
Weak Coffee

#### LUNCHEON

Cream Soup  
Fish  
Rice or Baked  
Potato  
Tapioca

#### SUPPER

Chicken  
Potato  
Spinach  
Toast with Butter  
Custard  
Weak Tea

#### BREAKFAST

Orange-Juice  
Omelet  
Toast with Butter  
Hot Milk

#### LUNCHEON

Oysters  
Cheese Soufflé  
Stewed Fruit  
Weak Tea or  
Coffee

#### SUPPER

Lamb Chop  
Peas or Squash  
or Asparagus  
Gelatin Dessert  
Weak Tea or  
Coffee

#### BREAKFAST

Apple-Sauce  
Soft Boiled Egg  
Toast with Butter  
Weak Coffee

#### LUNCHEON

Bouillon  
Minced Lamb  
with Gravy  
Baked Potato  
Cereal Pudding

#### SUPPER

Broiled Beef Balls  
Rice with Green  
Peppers and Tomatoes  
Coffee Jelly with  
Whipped Cream

The reason for this is apparent to good common-sense. From the years of fifty to seventy, let us say, the body goes through a distinct period of life. In the first place, it has reached full development (in contrast to the child or even the adult of twenty-five); secondly, persons of this age usually have "slowed down" in the amount of mental, and particularly in the amount of physical work they perform. In the case of women, there has also ceased the intermittent excessive demand on the system created by child-bearing and its cares. In both older men and women, no matter how energetic they be, the emotional key is pitched lower and life is devoid of much of the struggle and high tension exacted of persons who are raising a family, building a business, or carrying on the normal activities of youth.

is the more marked in sedentary life. Of course, there are very old men who still do the work of hardy seamen, woodcutters, etc., or who take a great deal of exercise in the open air. Some women, especially in foreign countries, continue to work in the fields, or to carry heavy weights until very old; but, generally, the amount of physical work done is much less, and this slowing down of the internal work of the body will depend largely on how much active and outdoor exercise is taken.

Now, since there are such marked changes in the life of the older person, both within the body and outside of it, it would be natural to expect that these changes affect the kind and amount of food eaten. The very first point—that

[Continued on page 77]



## FOOD FOR THE OLD FOLKS

[Continued from page 76]

the body is no longer growing—tells us at once that the quantity of protein should be reduced; and particularly that less meat should be eaten. It is most unwise to continue the same allowance of protein foods in the declining years, because then they cannot be used to create new tissue; they merely serve to fill the body with an excess of waste products, which are often the basis of many diseases, such as Bright's disease, heart trouble, and rheumatism, which are more common in middle life and the later period than in the years preceding.

**DURING** this period also, the assimilative power becomes less. We find we can't digest, at fifty, foods which never gave us a moment's annoyance when we were young. Chief of such foods are all those in the starchy group—corn-starch, rice, potatoes, tapioca, and pastry. The reason for this is that the secretions of saliva, and the pancreatic juice, which act especially on starch cells, are not as active in the body of an adult as they are in that of a younger person. Let us then eat less starch, particularly starch coated with fat as in so many kinds of cooking; for fat delays digestion, and cannot be taken by any person with a slow or sluggish liver.

For the same reason—that of lack of activity—the need for sugar is also lessened. Candy and sweet pastries that youth can "gobble up" almost by the pound, are not needed and generally not relished in quantity by the older adult. But since sugar creates heat, and is needed for bodily warmth, a small amount must be used. It will be found better to take this in the form of natural sugar, as in honey, and particularly in fruits, both fresh and dried.

"But,"—you may say—"if older persons are to eat less meat and less carbohydrates, what is left for them?" There are still a number of groups of foods remaining, foremost of them being fruit and the watery vegetables. The value of these in the diet of the older adult cannot be emphasized too strongly. The acids that the fruits contain are exactly what is needed to counteract the tendency to acid formation in the blood which old age brings. And the mineral salts and "bulk" of the green vegetables is also what is most needed to counteract sluggish tendency, and the danger of hardening of the arteries, which is so frequently present. If the alimentary canal can be kept free, if the system can be kept unclogged, then the body stands a much better chance of enduring a greater number of years. To be a prey to constipation in this period is most dangerous; yet such a condition is all too common. It can be avoided by the

[Concluded on page 78]



# Flour Facts

"You Can Tell It!"

Color in flour is an indication of its character.

Learn to tell from the color of your flour whether it has been bleached or otherwise chemically treated.

The best flour for bread, biscuits, or pastry is not chalky-white in color, but a delicate creamy-white.

Learn to know this wholesome flour color. You will recognize it in Pillsbury's Best. The beautiful, creamy-white color of Pillsbury's Best flour is natural to good, clean wheat, carefully and honestly milled.

Pillsbury's Best flour is not bleached. It never will be bleached.

## The Flour Question Settled "Because Pillsbury's Best"

Send 10c for a copy of the famous Pillsbury Cook Book. Address Dept. 17  
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.



At home or traveling, whether the water is hard or soft, women find that the very simplest and most effective hair cleanser is

## CANTHROX SHAMPOO

Your hair's natural beauty and waviness is brought out to its best advantage when you use Canthrox. This daintily perfumed hair cleanser has been the favorite for many years because it immediately dissolves and removes all dandruff, dirt and excess oil and leaves the hair so fluffy it seems much heavier than it is. The very first shampoo removes most of the dandruff and after each succeeding shampoo, you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

### 15 Exhilarating Shampoos for 50c at Your Druggist's

This is about three cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used or works so thoroughly. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and you have enough shampoo liquid to entirely saturate all your hair instead of just the top of the head, as is ordinarily the case. For this reason Canthrox is the one Shampoo that loosens and carries away *all* the impurities.

### Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, the most simple, in all ways the most effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address.

**H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 30, 214 W. Kinzie St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

## SPRING-STEP RUBBER HEELS

The heel that provides protection, comfort and long wear, but has no holes to track mud and dirt—Ask for the heel with the Red Plug.

Obtainable in all sizes—black, white or tan. 50c. attached—all Dealers.  
2 Packs Playing Cards Tally-to quality, sent for 50c (elsewhere 50c)  
Spring Step, 105 Federal Street, Boston.



## FOOD FOR THE OLD FOLKS

[Continued from page 77]

free use of green vegetables and fruits, which will stimulate and move along the packed matter in the alimentary canal.

Another food that age must not overlook is milk. This is a combined protein and carbohydrate; but it also has its lactic acid, and it is this acid that is so valuable in combating bacteria in the colon. Sour milk, already separated into whey and casein, is, therefore, one of the dishes which old people should learn to like.

White meat, such as chicken or other fowl, is excellent. Fish, too, is one of the best proteins, as it is more easily digested than any other meat protein. The white or non-fat fish is preferable to the types with a great deal of fat, as salmon and mackerel. Another protein which is of the highest worth in youth—eggs—seems to be unsuitable to many persons when they have passed middle life, as they have a tendency to deposit waste. Cheese is another protein which is unsuitable, except in very small quantities. On the other hand, the protein in nuts has generally been found most adaptable. The protein of almonds, peanuts, and walnuts, either when eaten raw or used in the form of a butter have proved satisfying and digestible.

The use of soups is advisable at this time, and will be found one of the best ways to give starch as well as protein. They are also easily assimilated.

In recent interviews with well-known celebrities who have passed the seventy-mark, it has been found that the reasons for their power of resistance and ability for strenuous work at this age might be summed up in the words: "Temperance in eating and all habits of living." The body which is not clogged up with waste products will have more energy to put into work, either mental or physical.

In brief, the best advice to those growing old is to eat moderately of all foods; be sparing in the amount of protein; be cautious with starches and sugars, cheese, rich fish, and eggs; have a bowl of apples constantly on the table; use other fruits and green vegetables generously; and make soups, toasted bread, milk in its fermented form, nuts, and natural sweets, a part of your daily menus. It is hardly necessary to add: avoid stimulants, drink plenty of water, and eat your food leisurely—for only so shall your days be long in the land.

*Editor's Note.*—If you are interested in knowing the number of calories that constitute suitable meals for sedentary and active persons, we will send you a list of menus with their approximate food values, provided you send with your request a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## FOR THE BRIDAL PARTY

[Continued from page 30]

straw, and the top was covered over with all kinds of flowers—daisies, forget-me-nots, small roses, and mignonette—and the handle was gaily ornamented with a tiny ribbon bow.

The bride's mother, a picturesque woman with a mass of gray hair, was charming in a hat turned up high on the left side and at the back, and which sloped gracefully down on the right side, giving exactly the tilt that the maturer woman invariably needs. Two white plumes furnished the only trimming on this chic model, and they were placed at the left side of the back, presenting the new line which demands height and a backward slope. Mrs. Grayson's hair was carefully coiffured, and she wore a glittering rhinestone hair ornament, which greatly accentuated the smartness of the creation. This particular hat was of black, but any other color, with plumes to harmonize, would be appropriate. And folds of white tulle or lace about the throat will make the hat infinitely more effective.

If you are to play a part in a June wedding as mother, bridesmaid, flower girl, or even the most important rôle of all, you should be able to get your millinery inspiration from the Grayson wedding, since its fashion message is distinctly the final one of the season.

*Editor's Note.*—Mrs. Tobey is ready to send you dimensions and fuller description for Fig. 1, directions for making the frame of Fig. 2, fuller description of arrangement of veil, Fig. 3, the dimensions for Figs. 4 and 5, and also instructions for making the flowers on the latter. For any of this information, you will simply need to send a stamped self-addressed envelope. All your other millinery problems, as usual, will receive Mrs. Tobey's prompt attention.

## AMERICAN PAINTING

[Continued from page 18]

toward bringing American painting to the level it boasts to-day. He strove long and earnestly, too, that New York City should become the art center of the world, and that the aspiring painters of America should not have to bury themselves in Munich or some other European city in order to learn to paint. And, as president of the National Academy of Design, vice-president of the American Federation of Arts, president of the School Art League, president of the National Society of Mural Painters, among the other offices he held in leading organizations, both civic and professional, here in America, his influence was widespread.



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# HOW TO USE THE REFRIGERATOR

By LULIETTE BRYANT

EXCUSE me, Aunt Jane, the iceman's here."

Though Aunt Jane kept steadily on with the peas she was shelling, she watched while Janet opened the refrigerator, removed a piece of ice about as large as her two fists, a plate of soft butter, and a basket of berries, fished out several scraps of water-soaked newspaper, and hastily wiped up a bit of milk which had slopped from a pitcher.

The iceman, who had waited with an expression of disgusted resignation, dumped in a piece of ice and departed. Janet tucked a newspaper around the ice, squeezed the milk-pitcher back beside it, placed the plate of butter and the basket of berries on top of it, slammed the door shut, and settled herself beside Aunt Jane again.

"I put the piece of left-over ice in the water-pitcher," she said. "In a few minutes, we will have a cold drink. I know they say it isn't right to drink melted ice, but I never can get water cold enough by just putting the bottle in the refrigerator."

"Doesn't your refrigerator work well?" asked Aunt Jane gently.

"They all work the same, don't they? Harry's mother gave us this one, and she always buys the best of everything. It has a lovely white lining, and it is easy to clean because the waste-pipe lifts out so easily, and it is all so nice and smooth. But somehow my salads never get as crisp and cold as they should, and the butter isn't real hard, and sometimes the cream spoils before morning. It doesn't waste ice, though; that's one comfort. I get ice only twice a week in ordinary weather."

Aunt Jane smiled down on her favorite niece and decided to offer a bit of advice. "The question is, do you wish your refrigerator to save ice or to save food?"

"To save food, of course," laughed Janet, after looking puzzled for an instant. "You always did have such clever ways of throwing light on dark subjects.

Please give me a refrigerator lecture. I'm sure you have one for me. I can see it in your eyes."

"May I look at your refrigerator?" At the nod of assent, Aunt Jane crossed the piazza and made a quick inspection. "You have a splendid refrigerator," she said, "but a refrigerator is like a sewing-machine, in one respect: unless you know how to run it properly, you cannot get good results.

"You must grasp this fact first of all: it is the melting of the ice that produces the cold. Any device which saves the ice lessens the coldness of the food-chamber. Newspapers should be used with caution."

"Oh, then I shouldn't try to save ice—and when it is so high, too, this year!" gasped Janet.

"A few days' experimenting will show you just how far you can go with ice-saving. The newspaper wrapping is effective, but it must not be used to retard the melting beyond a certain point. Now let us begin at the very beginning.

"In the first place, your refrigerator should not stand on the back porch. On

foggy mornings and rainy days, the wood will gather dampness and swell. Also, the constant draft of air causes the ice to melt faster than it should. You have a large, cool pantry. Move your refrigerator in there; place it on the side farthest from the window, and keep the pantry door closed.

BUY a piece of ice large enough to completely fill the ice-chamber. Then, each day, add enough to replace what is melted, so that every twenty-four hours the chamber is quite full. Don't look so shocked—you will find you really save ice that way. Don't you see if you once get the temperature low, and keep it low, you will need far less ice than if you let the whole inside of the refrigerator get warm, as it was this morning, and have to cool it all down again?"

[Concluded on page 81]



EVERY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THE ICE-CHAMBER SHOULD BE FILLED

## HOW TO USE THE REFRIGERATOR

[Continued from page 80]

"This morning, with the supply of ice practically exhausted, you should have removed every bit of food from the refrigerator, wiped shelves and walls clean, and left the doors ajar for the free circulation of air until the iceman came. When he had put the ice in, you should have closed the door of the ice-compartment, but left the lower door open for a few minutes so that the ice would melt rapidly and cool the food-chambers very quickly. Then when you replaced the food, it would have been chilled almost instantly.

"Never leave the doors ajar except when you wish to air the refrigerator or to start the ice melting rapidly. Remember that the purpose of the refrigerator is not so much to keep cold in as to keep heat out.

"Of course, you never put anything warm in your food compartments, but let all food cool as much as it will before placing it in the refrigerator. And may I ask why you set the butter directly on the ice just now?"

"The butter should be put directly under the ice. The air will harden it much faster, and preserve the milk and berries better. You should keep your butter in a glass dish with a cover, and your milk in covered bottles, and be careful to arrange your foods so that the air, for instance, does not drop through the onions to the milk."

"I never put foods with a strong flavor or odor into the refrigerator. It doesn't hold half the things I want it to, anyhow," sighed Janet.

"You could use the space to much better advantage if you would buy some square-cornered dishes of porcelain ware. These dishes come in all sizes. You can fit them in closely and so use every inch of your space. A shelf that will take only two round plates will take three larger square ones. Get your refrigerator dishes of good depth, too. They hold more and there is less danger of slopping when the contents are soft.

"I was glad to see that your ice is washed before it is brought in. The efficiency of many refrigerators is impaired by the pipes becoming clogged with particles of sawdust or slime. Be sure every morning that the pipes are clear and the trap properly adjusted in place. An internal bath of strong soda-water weekly will keep the pipes sweet.

"By using the ice compartment for nothing but ice you are always ready for the iceman, and the door need be open only an instant while he slips the new piece in. This helps the long-suffering iceman and prevents filling the refrigerator with warm air. I think that finishes my little lecture."

"I'm so glad you were here when the iceman came!" Janet declared, gratefully.



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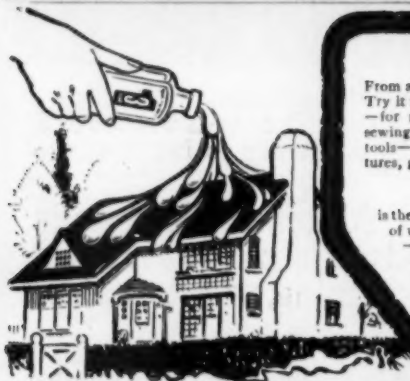
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## RED HEELS

[Continued from page 13]

The gentleman in the roadster took instant charge of the situation, exhibiting certain badges and papers which produced calming effects upon the unhappy carter. A hasty examination of Beppo led to the conclusion that the slothful steed had deceived his master by concealing from his kind eyes certain weaknesses unfitting him for service. The gentleman approached Priscilla with an engaging smile. "If you would walk a few paces down the road and look away for a moment."

She obeyed with unquestioning promptitude, her knees a trifle unsteady, her heart thumping painfully in her throat. Even at the echoing shot, she did not turn, but waited until the voice was very close to her.

"Now, since I have had to impress your carriage into service, you will permit me to offer you safe conduct to your hotel? The lover of animals has gone with your driver to recount the misdeeds of the late equine to a magistrate."

It was not until later that Priscilla wondered why the dispenser of justice had not himself taken charge of the carter, leaving her to finish her drive. At the moment, she was making mental note of the fact that some Spaniards have electric blue eyes and satiny—no, patent-leather hair, and speak English with an English accent.

He was sincerely concerned that her first drive in this lovely country had disclosed to her so unlovely a specimen of his countrymen, and rejoiced at the broad-mindedness which led her to suspend judgment on the race as a whole. Later in the day he would give himself the pleasure of calling to inquire how she did after the unpleasant episode of the morning. During this later call, he ventured to suggest that she would keenly enjoy La Plata as a stopping-place, its quiet charm, he felt sure, being more to her taste than the carnival spirit of Buenos Ayres. If she cared for quaint old Spanish gardens, his own, one of the oldest, would repay a visit. Then, before the training of the aunts and the finishing of the Misses Cabots could speak, he had added, calmly, "I have sent for an aunt." (Quite as he would have sent for a catalogue—or a stenographer!) "She will arrive from Lima on Tuesday and will call upon you that afternoon at your hotel. Then, Wednesday, you will drink tea with us in our garden, at four?"

La Plata [wrote Priscilla], is even lovelier than Buenos Aires, Uncle Peter. There are pink, cliffs, and creamy-pink villas with gorgeous purple vines running over them, and little, twisted streets, and no one looks hurried, or worried, or cross. The Spaniards are not in the least irresponsible—not at all the way the Italians are, Uncle Peter. They take the keenest in-

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## RED HEELS

[Continued from page 82]

terest in the welfare of this home of their adoption, and have the deepest sense of civic responsibility—even to looking out for animals! And, oh, the gardens! There is a lady visiting here, stopping with her nephew, who has a wonderful old villa in the midst of the oldest garden in the town, and I have tea with them there very often. [Then, quite abruptly, she added.] Do you know, Uncle Peter, that I've discovered that all noblemen—Spanish counts, and so on—aren't all dissolute and bent on seeking American heiresses; there are others!

IN the Señor's garden, Aunt Mercedes, a voluminous lady in rustling silk and hand-run black lace, with a slight, not unbecoming mustache, addressed her nephew peevishly in her own tongue, as he set off to fetch Priscilla to the tea-drinking. "For the love of all the saints, make an end of it to-day!" she implored him. "I call upon the good gods to witness that I have doubled my rheumatism in your damp, draughty garden, and my old bones shriek for home! Now I must hear my Christmas mass mumbled by a strange priest."

Her nephew dropped a kiss on her cap. "To-night, as we return from the churches, I promise you!"

"See that you do, then!" She grumbled crossly, pulling up her shawl. "I shall presently ask her, myself, and have done with my exile."

An hour later, in the soft twilight, he took leave of Priscilla in the shadowy courtyard of her hotel. "At ten, then, we will come for you, to go to the services, Aunt Mercedes, the saint, and I, the sinner! It is my one day of devotion \* \* \* to the church. In my family I am the lost sheep."

"Because they do not understand, as you do, 'the worship of God through the service of man!' While they mutter long prayers, you are pulling down dreadful tenements! I think that is religion!" His champion flushed in his defense.

He held the hand more closely, and drew her back from the door. "What does the D. stand for—beside Dainty, and Dauntless, and Delightful, and Demure—and Dear \* \* \* and Dearest?"

"Diana," said Miss Brewster faintly. "It was my mother's name."

"Diana! Of course! I might have guessed that first day, when I found you ready to charge the carter with your parasol, and just now, when you did battle for me, against my godly kin! \* \* \* Diana, mia, my great-grandmother was a Virginian \* \* \* Will you—"

But a group of laughing tourists came by, and Priscilla wrenched her hand away and fled. Up-stairs, down the long hall, into her room, the door locked—only then did she pause, her palms pressed to her flaming cheeks, her heart racing.

What was she doing? What had she done? \* \* \* "Diana, mia" \* \* \*

[Continued on page 84]



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## RED HEELS

[Continued from page 83]

Priscilla D. Brewster of Boston, Massachusetts, grounded on Plymouth Rock, reared by Amelia and Bertha there on that "stern and rock-bound coast," tracing her lineage back to the Mayflower's landing! She flung herself upon the little desk and penned a trembling line: "I cannot go to the services. I must go away in the morning. You will understand and forgive me." No sooner had it gone than she threw herself into a frenzy of packing. Everything was tumbled out of the trunk; chaos reigned. She packed furiously, clumsily; she made no headway. The dinner hour came and went. When a page brought a note, she was still on her knees, her cheeks scorching.

"Of course, I understand, and of course, I forgive," she read. "Aunt Mercedes and I go alone to the services. You will let us take you over to your train in the morning? Good night, and Merry Christmas!"

She read it over and over, on the floor, beside the little heaps of neatly folded clothing. She felt, suddenly, very tired. She laid in the last things, and closed the trunk. She made her hair smooth, threw a soft scarf about her shoulders, and went out onto her tiny stone balcony. The scent of orange and lime came up to her through the soft darkness, and everywhere, close by and afar off, bells were ringing. "Aunt Mercedes and I go alone to the services,"—he would be gone \* \* \* she would have one last look at the enchanted garden, a stolen hour beside the little tinkling fountain, beneath the dark cypresses. She turned, swift as her resolve, and re-entered the room. A splash of white behind the trunk caught her eye. Gipsy's parcel, forgotten all these weeks, had tumbled into prominence in the wild rush of packing. For a moment, she looked at it, considering; then, seating herself, she pulled off her oxfords and thrust her feet into the impudent slippers. She took an unfamiliar step or two, looking back over her shoulder, and the red heels shone up at her, mocking and bright. "Gipsy, dear, I'll pretend they're a Christmas present! \* \* \* I need one!"

In the Señor's garden it was very dark and still. The bells had died away, now, and a faint little breeze in the trees about her sounded like a whisper. In a week she would be perfecting her Spanish, in a pinched little boarding-place, paying the piper for these days of dancing. \* \* \* One day she would look, again, with Uncle Peter, at the pictures of Buenos Aires and its environs in the old atlas, and she would tell him it was all quite true \* \* \* what they had dreamed. And one day, by and by, she would be living, somewhere, like Aunt Amelia, and

[Continued on page 85]

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S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.



## RED HEELS

[Continued from page 84]

Aunt Bertha. She shivered and drew her thin scarf about her. Just a moment now, in her enchanted garden, storing up its magic in her heart. From a deep shadow, close beside her, came the low, poignant call of a bird, and a sudden puff of air brought her the perfume of the orange flowers with almost dizzying sweetness. Suddenly, a step crunched on the gravel walk; a tiny point of light glowed on a level with her eyes. Miss Brewster turned to flee. A startled word in Spanish, then, "*Diana, mia!*"

Down the dim path Priscilla ran, but a frivolous slipper turned on a pebble, casting her, full length, upon the path. When he lifted her, she was tearful with mirth. "Oh, dear," she sobbed, "it's just what she said!"

And so, when'er  
In these you trip,  
Remember Gip!

When he carried her to a bench, she told him the story, and he laughed happily. "Is she dark or fair, this Gipsy child? Dark? Then it shall be corals! You will give me the address to-morrow."

"But, why—" Priscilla strove earnestly to free herself. "Why do you wish to send corals to Gipsy?"

"Because she has given you back to me, *Muy querida, mia!* What," as the emphasis of her struggle left no doubt, "did you not mean, when you came to my garden—"

"Oh, said Miss Brewster, unhappily, "I am so terribly sorry! I thought you would be at the services!"

"I had nothing to sing praises for!"

"I just wanted one more hour in this heavenly place!"

"When I am begging you to spend all your hours here!"

"You don't understand; it isn't that I don't \* \* \* that I couldn't \* \* \* care \* \* \* but you're a foreigner!"

"Ah!"

"And we've always been Americans—centuries! My family—my aunts—would be horrified! My mother came here when she was three—but she's American—"

"I see." He held her more closely. "I quite understand. I must let you go, then?"

"Please!"

He mused gravely, his cheek against her hair. "It is that you are so intensely American \* \* \*

"Yes."

"\* \* \* that the thought of a foreign alliance is intolerable to you."

"Well—"

"That you shudder at the thought of pitching your tent in South America."

"And yet, after all,"—he lifted her fingers to his lips—"there is something to

[Concluded on page 86]



## If You Had Twins— and a Million Dollars

you could not get a *better* bottle than the Hygeia, invented by a physician who nearly lost his own precious baby through the unsanitary, old-fashioned narrow-necked nurser.

For more than 20 years, the Hygeia Nursing Bottle has been used by hundreds of thousands of thinking mothers who realize that baby ills are directly traceable to a nursing bottle that is not surgically clean.

# Hygeia

Nursing Bottle

A bottle with *any neck at all* is dangerous. Water cannot circulate through it freely.

The Hygeia on the other hand is as easily cleaned as a tumbler. Hygeia's broad, yielding breast is nearest mother's nursing. Weaning is easier, nursing more natural. Non-collapsible, yet can be turned inside out for cleaning.

*Druggists Everywhere Sell Hygeia*

The name Hygeia is on the package, on the bottle, on the breast. Ask for the Hygeia by name and see that you get the genuine—not a substitute. The BEST is none too good for your baby.

THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., INC.  
1412 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.







## The Simplest Way to End a Corn

**D**ECIDE now to master your corn forever. Let today's corn be the last. Blue-jay will free you from the most painful corn. Apply one of these soothing plasters tonight. Pain ends. In 48 hours the corn disappears. Only Blue-jay gives this insurance. Paring is temporary. Harsh liquids are dangerous. Millions of corns are ended the Blue-jay way. Most corns require but one application. An occasional stubborn one, two or three. Try the gentle, simple Blue-jay way tonight. You will never be the victim of corns again.

**BAUER & BLACK**  
Chicago and New York  
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

## Blue-jay

**Stops Pain—Ends Corns**  
15c and 25c at Druggists  
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

# LABLACHE

## FACE POWDER

**Says the Leading Druggist**

"We have a steady demand for LABLACHE from our best customers. It is very popular, protects a fine complexion—improves a poor one. Is daintily perfumed, delightfully smooth and adhering—makes friends and keeps them. It's a pleasure to handle it."

**Refuse Substitutes**

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

**BEN. LEVY CO.**  
French Perfumers, Dept. F  
185 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

## RED HEELS

[Continued from page 85]

be said for us down here. There are certain buildings in Buenos Aires, or Montevideo, which compare not unfavorably with the Library \* \* \* And did it not strike you, from the steamer, that Rio de Janeiro is quite as imposing a piece of geography as Plymouth Rock?"

"But I—"

"But you, Diana, *mia*, though you deny me in your Puritan soul, has not your French heel given you to my arms? However," he spoke with a chastened resignation, "your wish is my will. It was my hope that we would sit together, we two, here in my ancient garden, to dream the good deeds we would do for my people. With you here"—Miss Brewster wondered if a quite normal heart could beat so wildly—"I think I could have slain many dragons, Devoted, Dauntless, Dear!—But I will do my best—alone. And now, it is to part? I think you will not deny me a small boon, the while you refuse me the great? I claim at least the consolation of saying farewell in my own way \* \* \*"

Suddenly, exultantly, loud and clear in La Plata, the Christmas chimes were ringing.

Miss Amelia dropped a cup that had been her grandmother's, and Benjamin Franklin sprang from her cushion with distended pupils and plummy tail. "Priscilla," she gasped, regarding her sister and brother with eyes aghast across the open letter in her hand, "Priscilla Brewster's going to marry a Spaniard!"

## PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT

### Balanced Meal Contest

**W**ITH great pleasure we announce the award of prizes for our "Balanced Meal" contest to the following winners:

First prize of \$15, Bessie Masters, Kent, Washington. Second prize of \$10, Minnie Karn, Oakland, California. Five \$5 prizes to M. E. Voris, Schenectady, N. Y.; Lelia McGuire, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Harry Grimes, Urbana, Ohio; Mrs. Leo Levinger, Paducah, Ky.; and Yetta Shapiro, Passaic, N. J.

In each case, we have judged the merits of the manuscripts sent in solely on the basis of economy and proper balance of food elements. Although we announced in January that only three five-dollar prizes would be awarded, we found it so difficult to discriminate between five excellent menus in our third-prize rank that we have made an additional award of two five-dollar prizes. Miss Masters' prize-winning menus will be published in our July number.



Hair under the arms is a needless annoyance. You can remove it in the most agreeable, "womanly" way by using El Rado, a sanitary, colorless lotion.

El Rado is easily applied to the face, neck or arms, with a piece of absorbent cotton. Entirely harmless, and does not stimulate or coarsen later hair growth.

Ask for **El Rado** at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Money-back guarantee.

If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail, if you write enclosing stamps or coin.

**PILGRIM MFG. CO.** 21 E. 28th St., N. Y.  
Canadian Office—312 St. Urbain, Montreal

# HAIR

## ON APPROVAL

**Send No Money—Special Limited Offer**

Latest styles in Switches, Curly Transformations, Wig (Ladies' and Men's), sent on approval. Low prices. No pay unless satisfied.

Special switches of superior quality permanent, wavy, human hair (straight if preferred).

20 in. \$1.45 | 24 in. \$3.45  
22 in. \$2.45 | 26 in. \$4.95  
Others up to \$60.

All Round Transformations naturally curly at \$4.97. Others up to \$10.

34 in. Triple Switch, as illustrated, \$3.97. Send long sample of hair with order.

**Women! Hair and Beauty Books**

Contain newest, scientific ideas on care of Hair, Face and Body; also describe New Free Course of Beauty Lessons. Show latest hair dressing styles. Extremely interesting—write!

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Dept. 46, 109 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago  
Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in World. Operating 18 Years.

**Bring Out the Hidden Beauty**

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devastated surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

**Mercolized Wax** In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

# NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

**Medicated Ear Drum**  
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908  
**GEORGE P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
13 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

When answering ads, mention McCALL'S

## PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 17]

communities where there are but few middlemen, communicate directly with the sources of supply.

When planning a new home, or remodeling and refurnishing an old one, the first question to be considered is: What is to be the real meaning of my home? To what interests in my life must it minister first? If home means to you a retreat where you can hide from the world and enjoy your family and friends, it should be planned with this end in view. If society claims a large part of your attention, and you entertain frequently, your home should be adequate and appropriate for that purpose. In a word, make your home a place where you can live, to the fullest, the life that seems most worth while to you.

When deciding upon the interior decoration and furnishing of your house, every detail, no matter how seemingly insignificant, should be considered with regard to its relation to the whole. For example, one must decide, in a general way, on a color scheme for each floor, this general scheme to be finally worked out in detail through the trim, wall, and floor coverings, hangings, and furniture used in each room.

The skeleton of a room, with its window-eyes and door-mouths, its walls and ceiling, flat, or ribbed with beams and panels, is an important factor in its decoration. The finishing of this woodwork, technically known as "trim," either supplies the color key-note for the furnishings, or forms a background that permits broad choice of colors and materials.

As color has a definite effect upon temperament, because of its influence upon the nervous system, its selection is most important. It is as potent as music in generating moods and expressing spiritualities. By its magical power, one may transform a forceful, masculine room into the daintiest feminine apartment imaginable, or plunge a cheerful room into sepulchral gloom. Beware, therefore, when you choose color!

Colors for decorative backgrounds should be suggestive rather than assertive. White, cream, old-ivory, French gray, silver-gray, tan, buff, brown, and soft shades of green and yellow are all good and may be depended upon to live in peace and harmony with furniture and hangings. If the lighter colors are preferred, paint must be used. Because of its beautiful, flat surface, many people prefer it to stain, which depends for most of its beauty upon the grain of the wood. Paint is the most satisfactory, and, in some cases, the only possible finish for "trim" in old houses, especially if the wood has been marred or is not especially good. Close,

[Continued on page 88]



# "You can't scare me!"

*Gold Dust dissolves the grease*

I am only a plain little woman, I know—  
and you are the big old dishpan.

You try to tie me down three times a day—  
but I know how to make short work of you.

First, I scrape all the dishes and stack them.

Next, I try to have the water good and hot—but  
even if it's lukewarm I don't have to worry.

Then I stir in a tablespoonful of Gold Dust.  
Now I am ready for the washing.

My Gold Dust takes right hold of the grease and  
the grease fairly slips off the dishes. The rest is  
easy. My dishes dry quicker because they are  
cleaner. With my Gold Dust I always feel pre-  
pared—it does just what I expect of it. No,  
friends, the dishpan doesn't scare *me*!

Suppose you order a package of Gold Dust from  
your grocer and see how much dishwashing time it  
saves for *you*. If you wish Gold Dust results, be sure  
it is *actually* Gold Dust. 5c and larger packages.

# GOLD DUST

## The Busy Cleaner

Gold Dust is a saponaceous powder with  
unusual cleansing properties. As Gold Dust  
contains no gritty substance, it dissolves  
thoroughly in either hot or cold water.

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MAKERS



Let the GOLD DUST  
TWINs do your work.

## Forget About Dipping and Scrubbing

ORDER a can of *Sani-Flush* and forget about dipping water and scrubbing. Sprinkle a little

## Sani-Flush

in the toilet bowl every two or three days and the bowl will always be snowy white, odorless and sanitary. *Sani-Flush* is for cleaning toilet bowls only. It will not injure bowl or connections.

25 Cents a Can

*Sani-Flush* is patented. Nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio

The trap that reaches, cleans, keeps clean



"Always Does the Work and Does It Right"

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Unbeatable Exterminator of Rats, Mice & Bugs  
Used the World Over. Used by U. S. Government  
It Can't Fail—It's All Exterminator  
Stop Fattening Rats, Mice & Bugs!  
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Why Trap Rats & Mice, One By One,  
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END THEM ALL TO-RIGHT with a 25c box of ROUGH ON RATS  
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At Drug & Country Stores

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HAROLD SOMERS,  
150 DeKalb Ave.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 87]

straight-grained, light-colored woods, without conspicuous markings, such as white-wood, birch, gum-wood and white pine are the best woods to paint. While these are, on the whole, less expensive than the handsomely grained woods like oak, chestnut, cypress and ash, the three or four coats necessary to produce a good painted finish bring the cost up to approximately the same as the more expensive woods which can be finished with less labor and material. Then, too, one must consider the cost of renewing paint which is apt to look dingy when walls and ceilings are redecorated. On the other hand, when wood is once stained, it is stained forever, unless one wishes to go to the expense of having it scraped to a considerable depth. The acid and penetrating stains now in use are absorbed by the pores of the wood. The softer the wood, the deeper the stain will penetrate.

When questioned regarding the latest styles of wood finishes, an eminent New York decorative artist exclaimed: "Styles! Away with styles! I pay no attention to fads. Anything that is artistic is beautiful, always has been, and always will be." This man has every inch of "trim" in his own residence painted white, with the exception of stair-treads and rails, which are mahogany. "White is like eighteen-carat gold—good anywhere and everywhere," he explained.

For the Colonial type of house, there is perhaps nothing quite so suitable as this combination of white and mahogany for bringing out the dignity and simplicity of the architecture. Even in the bungalow type of house, where the living rooms are so effectively finished in rich stains, the sleeping-rooms are usually done in white, cream, or old-ivory, as no other finish can approach these in supplying that refinement and daintiness so desirable in the bedrooms. Then, too, white woodwork lends itself so gracefully to intimate furnishings, and provides an effective background for the lovely colors that can riot only in a bedroom.

When one wishes to have white "trim" throughout the home, or on one floor, the suggestion of flatness and monotony may be relieved by using cream or old-ivory in some of the rooms. The effect, to a casual observer who glimpses vistas broken only by arches or French doors, is of a pleasing and restful monotone. Cream and ivory, being warmer than pure white, mellow the color scheme. This same plan may be followed by combining light gray, French gray, and warm gray. Gray, by the way, has a delightful way of bowing itself out and leaving colors in supreme command of the decorative situation.

To grasp the significance of the won-

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## Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCALL'S MAGAZINE published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1917.

State of New York, County of New York.  
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. Wallace Newcomb, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of McCALL'S MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: PUBLISHER: The McCall Company, 236-246 W. 37th St., New York City, N. Y. EDITOR: Miss M. G. Reed, 236-246 W. 37th St., New York City, N. Y. MANAGING EDITOR: NONE. BUSINESS MANAGER: W. Wallace Newcomb, 236-246 W. 37th St., New York City, N. Y.  
2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y. McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del., owner of the McCall Company stock. The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of McCall Corporation stock: Agnes Demarest, care Daniel W. Streeter, 770 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; William C. Heinkel, 23 Wall St., New York City; E. Hoffman, 23 Wall St., New York City; McCall Corporation, 236 W. 37th St., New York City; James H. Otley, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Company, Minneapolis, Minn.; Chas. D. Spalding, care The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City; Daniel W. Streeter, 770 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; H. N. Whitney & Sons, 15 Broad St., New York City.

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W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of April, 1917.  
HARRY E. FARRER, Notary Public, Kings County, No. 39. Certificate filed in New York County, New York No. 60. My commission expires March 30, 1918.

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Dept. 22, Aurora, Illinois





## PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 88]

derful possibilities that lie in this scheme of combining tints throughout one floor of a house, it is necessary to anticipate the next step in decoration and imagine the wall coverings, draperies, and accessories that carry out the effect. In a bedroom with white "trim," for example, one may use ivory-white hangings and creamy-yellow wall coverings. In a room separated from this only by an open arch, the trim may be cream, with buff wall-coverings and hangings. From this room one may glimpse another where soft yellow will blend into orange. Spread upon the floors of these rooms rugs with predominating hues of yellow, rose, and blue, each predominating color continued, when desired, in upholstery and over-draperies.

If color is desired in the "trim" of the down-stairs rooms, there are many rich stains from which to choose; so many, in fact, that unless one is exceedingly careful, there is danger of being lured into indiscretions. Among the gorgeous, rich-hued wood panels spread out for your inspection, there will be certain deep-toned colors and woods with spectacular graining that will fairly run to meet you, begging to be adopted, like children in an asylum. But beware! Choose your wood finishing as you would choose an orphan; not so much for its decorative effect as for its character and livable qualities.

The Flemish and Old English oaks, which are so handsome in panels a foot square, are apt to become oppressive in the rooms of a small or medium-sized dwelling. The unobtrusive browns, grays, and greens, which retire modestly behind their more assertive companions, seem, in comparison, rather unattractive, until their really superior virtues are discovered. Each of these colors, which can be lived with comfortably, may be found in various tones. In oak, for instance, one may choose between fumed oak, light, or golden oak, and light or dark weathered oak. In green, one may select various hues known as Mission and weathered-oak finishes.

A stain that is very popular at the present time and so beautiful that its permanence is almost assured, in spite of the fact that its use has become almost a fad, is silver-gray. This is a soft grayish-green finish with a silver sheen. Some manufacturers make this stain with a brownish cast that gives it almost the effect of light weathered oak. Before determining upon silver-gray, however, have a thought about the furnishings that go with it, and take into consideration the fact that your room must always remain more or less gray, warmed by touches of harmonizing color. The choice of suitable furniture is rather limited in a silver-gray room. Fumed and weathered oak

[Concluded on page 90]

# JAP-A-LAC

## HOUSEHOLD FINISHES



### Every Home Has Its Jap-a-lac Need

In every home, in your home, there is some surface on woodwork, floors or furniture that is beginning to show wear.

Give it a protecting and beautifying coat of one of the Jap-a-lac Household Finishes and save greater expense later.

Upkeep applies to the home just as well as to the auto, machine or factory. The more timely the upkeep the less it costs.

Jap-a-lac Household Finishes are the original home upkeep finishes. They keep things shipshape—protect the wood surfaces underneath and stand unusually hard wear.

Get a quart today and try it. Describe the worn surface to your dealer and he will tell you the kind to use.

#### Jap-a-lac Household Finishes Include

Jap-a-lac Varnish Stain	Jap-a-lac Porch and Floor Paint
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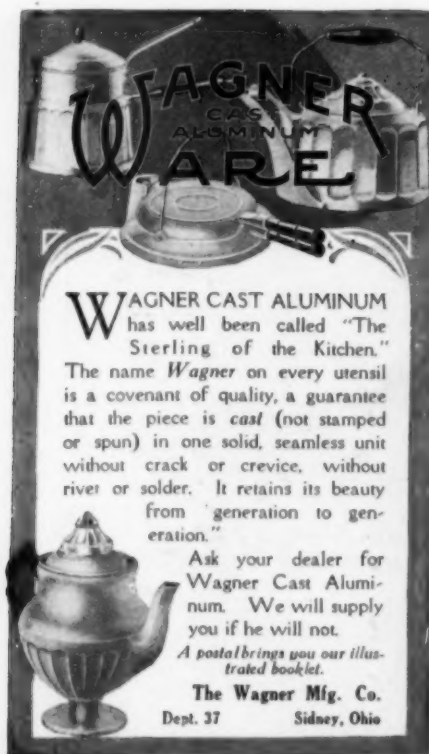
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If you are building a new home or refinishing the old one in a big way, go to a practical painter and be sure that he uses Glidden Architectural Finishes (Varnishes, Enamels, Stains, etc.)

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# GLIDDEN



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**The Wagner Mfg. Co.**  
Dept. 37      Sidney, Ohio



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C229074—Very pretty dress of fine quality striped voile—lavender or light brown stripes on tan ground. Waist made with two deep tucks back and front, giving bolero effect. Collar, cuffs and tapering revers are of sheer voile with Val lace insertion. Full skirt has deep tucks at bottom. Excellent value. 34 to 44 bust. Special . . . **\$5.65**

Give color and bust measure.  
We prepare all charges; guarantee satisfaction or refund money.

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## PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 89]

and willow are appropriate, the latter upholstered in gay cretonnes.

When choosing stains, it is well to remember that their effect will be different when applied to different woods, and that wax finish is used more often than varnish in houses that are decorated in good taste. Oak, chestnut, and cypress are especially beautiful finished in silver-gray. Cypress, having a decidedly pronounced grain, makes a showy "trim." Oak and chestnut are both so beautiful that their selection becomes a matter of individual choice. Gum-wood, which is a moderate-priced and comparatively unknown wood, and very much used at the present time for interiors, takes stain especially well. When finished with Circassian-walnut stain, it is almost as handsome as the real wood. Gum-wood also takes a wonderful mahogany finish, either in light or dark shades. In large measure, it is taking the place birch has always held for mahoganyizing. Yellow pine finishes up well in fumed or golden oak. Chestnut is suitable for light weathered oak. Quartered white oak, finished in fumed-oak acid stain, or plain white oak, done in Flemish penetration stain, are very handsome, especially for living- and dining-rooms where there are panels and beams.

Oak is always a safe and sane color because the soft brown is restful and refined, and blends well with an endless variety of wall and floor coverings and harmonizes with many styles of furniture.

In many homes, the living-rooms are finished, throughout, in one or the other of these stains. Where the two colors are used, the effect is much better if the rooms having different finishes are separated by French doors, to soften the color lines.

People who like striking effects in "trim" and wall-decoration will find their heart's desire in Flemish oak, which is almost black, especially if the walls and ceiling of the room in which it is used are painted a soft yellow. The effect of this combination in a dining-room, for example, is arresting, but not bizarre. The yellow, being cheerful and sunny, counteracts the depressing influence of the black. A beamed ceiling with high plate-rail, from which narrow panels extend to the floor, makes a stunning interior. If panels are not used on the walls, wooden tablets, stained with the Flemish oak, may be attached to the wall at conventional distances as backgrounds for electric side-lights. English porcelain plates, parading red and green parrots and blue peacocks, along the plate-rail, puts the appropriate finishing-touch to the color scheme of such a room. Flemish oak is also suitable for dens and libraries. The rich bindings of books and the colorful trappings of a man's room, stand out in bold relief against its quiet background.

*Editor's Note.—The second article in this series will appear in the July McCall's.*

## SWEET CHARIOT

[Continued from page 26]

opalescent mists melted over the ragged, pine-clad hills. She knew how the dog-wood whitened against the dead brown of the oaks, before the breath of the wind was warm. Every night after he crept, shivering, into his bed, he heard her singing the melody he had grown to love.

One day, at lunch time, Wiley wandered into the city hall and amused himself by turning the leaves of a big book full of names and figures. What he saw there sent him back to his little card-file job with a line around his mouth, deep and stern. The line had not softened when he came home to his room at night. He threw his hat on the bed, kicked off his rubbers, and tramping down the hall, burst quite boldly into Stuart Lee's room.

"Look here," he began without ceremony, "I'm going to have a raise tomorrow. Or else I'm going to quit!"

"It's very cold weather," she remarked, at last. "I wouldn't be rash."

"Rash?" he repeated, "Why, Great Scott, you earn more money than I do!"

"I don't see what I have to do with it! I've been here much longer than you. Besides, I know what it is to tramp these streets—in winter," went on Stuart Lee. "I wouldn't do anything hasty!"

"I'm not going to do anything hasty," he stated, "I'm simply going to get more money—or know the reason why!"

"I've wondered sometimes," she began hesitantly, "why you came north. Wasn't there work for you—at home?"

"Work—" he repeated, a little dully, "Heavens, there was nothing but work! But I couldn't see any money in it."

"Couldn't you?" inquired Stuart Lee, very gently, indeed.

Whereupon Wiley felt as though he had been wrongfully accused of some neglect, and the blood warmed in his face.

"There's nothing doing for a young fellow down there," he protested, with some fervor. "The place is dead—dead as tripe! They don't know the war is over! Why, they're still planting cotton."

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## SWEET CHARIOT

[Continued from page 90]

planting cotton—year in and year out—good market or bad—while the land goes to rack and the mortgages eat them alive! A man with any ambition wants to be—where the big work of the world is being done—where people keep the mold off their minds and—

"Yes, I understand." Stuart Lee laid the papers in a neat pile and arose. "I believe I'd like to go out and walk," she suggested. "Do you want to go with me?"

Wiley jumped up briskly. In two seconds he was back with his hat. He had often tried to summon courage to ask Stuart Lee to walk with him, but always something had held him off—something of the calm dignity of her, the easy self-possession. She made him feel like a little boy, and no thoroughly modern young man desires to feel like that.

But now as she pulled a brown tam-o'-shanter down over her ears, and let one coppery curl stray recklessly into her eyes, Wiley looked at her and felt suddenly very staid and much comforted.

There was nothing dashing about Stuart Lee. No men turned to look after her. But neither were there any slangy pyrotechnics in her speech that kept you panting in an effort to keep up.

Wiley was beginning to glow with good fellowship when they came into the glaring circle of light before a vaudeville theater. And there stood Ethel!

In the searching white light, Ethel's tinted cheeks and orange veil looked vulgar and cheap, and Wiley's only sensation was a sort of blank wonder that he had ever thought her beautiful!

Ethel faced him, a frank smile on her stenciled lips. "Why hello, sweetheart!" she cried, "I haven't seen you for a time! Who's your friend?"

Wiley introduced Ethel to Stuart Lee. Stuart Lee was very polite. She spoke to Ethel, he knew, exactly as his mother would have done. But Ethel gave the Virginia girl only a pert nod and faced Wiley.

"Look here," she exclaimed, "you've got a date with me for to-morrow night!"

Wiley looked at Stuart Lee. Under the brown tam-o'-shanter her eyes were calm, judicial, even a little amused he thought. She looked older, very wise, enigmatical as the Sphinx.

"I—I'm sorry," he blurted, "but I'm leaving town to-morrow!"

They walked away. Ethel's scornful sniff came to Wiley. He felt thoroughly miserable.

"I met her—at a dance—once," he stammered. "I—don't know her very well."

[Concluded on page 92]

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## SWEET CHARIOT

[Continued from page 91]

Even in the dark he could imagine the maternal smile with which Stuart Lee answered, indifferently, "She's very lively."

And then, for Wiley Dawson, these troubles became as nothing in the face of the calamity which faced him.

A boy was waiting for him at the door of his room, who thrust a letter at him and instructed him to "Sign de book!"

Wiley took the special delivery envelope a little numbly and went into his room. There he sat down on the bed with his hat on and read it through many times.

Then, straight to Stuart Lee's door he went. But the door was locked, and when he rapped she opened it only a tiny crack "No," she protested, "you mustn't!"

But Wiley pushed the door open determinedly and strode into the room. Stuart Lee stared at him, half afraid—"I've got to go home!" he said.

Stuart Lee took the letter he held out—turned it in her hands without opening it—studying his white, twitching face.

"It's my father—he's had a stroke," Wiley went on tonelessly. "It's not dangerous—but he'll never walk again! And there's the place—all the spring work!"

He sank into a chair and his head drooped in his hands. A light came into Stuart Lee's face—a maternal light, exalted, almost inspired.

"Oh—but Wiley—" she exclaimed, involuntarily using his name, "don't you see? It's your chance—your big chance! Up here—in this big, terrible town—you're only a scrap—a little bit of dust in the big whirlwind! But down there—why, you can do wonders, boy! You'll be a pioneer! You can do great things for—the South! Oh, can't you see it?"

Wiley raised his head slowly. And his eyes looked afar off as though they saw visions—visions of the smoky hills, blue-gray against the sky—and of little top-notched red birds fighting over magnolia seeds in winter—visions of his neglected country—of home!

He leaped up. And then he saw something else. He saw in the brown eyes of Stuart Lee Pendexter a glow which had nothing motherly in it—a light that went through him like a pain and left him tingling, and exalted, and a little breathless.

"Sweetheart!" he cried, although he had meant to say something quite different before this new and wonderful thing swept him off his feet, "Sweetheart—we'll go back—you and I—together!"

She called him a foolish boy after that, and put him out, quite relentlessly, and ordered him to go back to bed.

But, as he tucked his cold feet down between the blankets, Wiley heard her singing softly to herself—

"Swing low—sweet chariot—  
Comin' for to carry me home!"

## KEEPING OPEN HOUSE

[Continued from page 29]

Aunt Rogurta and Katherine and Myrtle and John continued coming as usual, when they felt inclined to, but, with the exception of them, we had little company. I met a number of Joe's friends, those who had called before, at theaters and dances. They were the nicest people, and, for the first time since my marriage, I was having the kind of time I thought I ought to have—all the time. At the end of six weeks, Joe suggested that we go up to Newtown the next Sunday. He said he wanted to see an old friend, a former bookkeeper of his, who had retired, and had a little place there. On the appointed day, we found ourselves the guests of a rather queer old couple, who lived in a little, shabby, dinky box of a house, in a little, shabby, dinky old town. They were delighted to see Joe, and they confessed, after some questioning on his part, that they did miss the city. And, to my dismay, before many minutes had passed, Joe had invited them to visit us for a couple of weeks.

As soon as we were in the train, on our way home, I began to fuss with Joe about the invitation—which, by the way, I had not seconded. "Joe," I said, "what ever made you ask those people to visit us?"

"Why, I wanted them," replied Joe.

"But what on earth makes you want them? And what makes you want the other queer people you are always having? You have nice enough friends, but I have no use for this raft of people who use the house as a convenience for merry-makings. Can't you see what a difference it make to me? These last six weeks have been lovely; why did you break it all up?"

Joe was looking at me in a speculative way, but he spoke very gently. "Do you expect all your life to be a continuation of the last six weeks?" he asked.

"Well," I answered, "why not?"

"Mabel," said Joe patiently, "before we were married you worked; you filled a place in the world; you helped it to get on and move around. I thought you were proud of the fact. If your days are to be idle and your nights one eternal round of pleasure, what place do you fill?"

"You mean I ought to do something to earn my living?" I inquired in an injured tone.

"Exactly. Now, if you have any work you want to go on with, I am more than willing—just let me know. But I have been doing this kind of thing, more or less, for years. I don't want to stop unless you are really unhappy about it; but if there is something you want to do—"

"I may have children," I said with dignity.

[Continued on page 94]



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—MRS. D. H. L., Wisconsin.

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I always was one of your subscribers for many years, only last year I neglected to renew for which I was very sorry.

—Miss M. R., Nebraska.

## Like One of the Family

When my McCALL'S MAGAZINE fails to come, it seems to me as if one in the family is missing.

—MRS. N. M., Mississippi.

## KEEPING OPEN HOUSE

[Continued from page 93]

"I hope we will," replied Joe, smiling. "But waiting is always a bad game, isn't it?"

I knew that, and so I didn't reply to Joe; but, during the next week I went over the situation thoroughly. Everybody, alsomst, seemed to have come to us because of Joe; Joe had twenty friends to my one. Even the very nice people whom I admired so much didn't seem to mind his peculiarities.

Understand, I didn't begrudge the money. I had everything I wanted, and had not the slightest sense of being deprived. What I did mind was the time, and care, and attention necessary for all these people; I wanted to be my own boss, and do—well, as I went over it, it seemed I wanted to do practically nothing.

Out of my meditations came one phase of the matter that was new. I began to wonder at Joe. He came home from a hard day's work—Joe puts his whole spirit and energy into anything he understands—and listened to Aunt Rogurta's tale of woe, or to the childish prattle of the little girl from down the street whom he so often brought in, with all the zest and interest possible. He couldn't always want to do that.

I tried to figure it out from his standpoint; he must think it a part of his life just to do that kind of thing. As I finished thinking over all the other things Joe had done, I looked about me at my wonderful room, then down at my silk negligée, and then into my mirror. I said one word to my reflection. It was "Pig."

From that moment, I made a new start, for even I do not do things half-heartedly, once I get started. I determined to try the plan for a month, and see whether I could stand it. First I sat down and wrote to the Dorts. Then I began to plan just what we would do when they came.

I cannot pretend that I had a riotously happy time while they were with us, but I did have some compensation in seeing how the Dorts enjoyed it. When they went home, I noticed that Myrtle and Katherine had not been with us for some little time, and I asked Joe about them. He hesitated.

"Katherine's not been very well," he said. "It was an unfortunate affair; I guess ordinary enough, just a young man acting like a cad."

If there is one thing I enjoy above all others, it is a love affair—happy, if possible, of course. But that news sent me scurrying out to see Katherine that afternoon. I had never been to her home before, and I was surprised to see such a small, shabby place. Katherine looked white and sad enough as she opened the

[Concluded on page 95]

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## KEEPING OPEN HOUSE

[Continued from page 94]

door, but a wave of color flushed her cheeks as she saw me.

"Oh," she said, "Aunt Mabel." And then, before she could say another word, I held out my arms (I honestly wanted to) and she had a good cry. She cheered up wonderfully when I told her I had come out to tell her I was going to give her and Myrtle a dance the next month, and, before I left, she was much better. I walked home, after my little visit, feeling that I had done something worth while. Before the end of the month, I felt something more than that.

There came to me a vision of a career, a career right in my own home, with very wonderful things at its end if I were willing to work for them. And I went into my plan with the same sort of vim which made me a business success. And now, after ten years of it, I have come to look upon my home as something bigger than a shelter for Joe and me—for the waiting game would not have paid, you see—it is a haven of rest for wounded folks, no matter what the wound is, physical, spiritual, or emotional. All sorts of people have been there to stay for a while—girls and boys like Alice who were worn out and needed rest; old folks like the Dorts who just needed a bit of life, and mothers who needed to get away from their families.

All these people come as our friends, of course, and nobody comes as helpless; we have no hospital. And mixed in with them, without limitations, are the very nice people whom Joe knows, and whom I know, too, now. Sometimes I think they may be among the wounded, too, only they do not confess, and we have no way of finding out.

Aunt Rogurta, who is my right-hand now, since her sister's children have grown up, summed it up for me the other day as we were making favors for a dinner-party to be held the next week.

"What a useless thing you were when you first married Joe," she commented frankly. "I used to wonder why Joe, being what he is—" I wish I could accent this so you could see what Aunt Rogurta thinks Joe is—"could have ever fancied you. But I declare you're as good as Joe now, and a credit to him, too. And think of what you've done for yourself. Why, this house is known everywhere, and you're in everything, consulted about everything. Altogether, you're got an enviable reputation."

I can hear some one comment that I owe it all to Joe. But I don't. Generous and good as Joe is—and wise in pointing out the path, I have done my own work, and hard work, at keeping the house open, and I am bold enough to claim my share of the credit.

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**CLEANING GAS MANTELS.**—The black which often accumulates on a gas mantel may be removed if salt is sprinkled on it when the gas is ignited. The flame will at first flicker and flare up, but soon will settle down again to a clear white light, leaving the mantel as good as new.—F. B., New York City, New York.

**PREVENTATIVE FOR SPREADING OF DROP-CAKES.**—Before drop-cakes are placed in the oven, if they are first brushed lightly on top with a piece of muslin saturated with milk, they will not have a tendency to spread.—Mrs. C. P. W., Syracuse, New York.

**FOR SMOKING LAMPS.**—If new lamp wicks are soaked for an hour or two in vinegar, then dried before being put in the burner, not only will a far better light be obtained, but there will also be no cause for smoking.—V. P. T., North Beverly, Massachusetts.

**A FLAG HINT.**—To prevent the flag from winding itself about a flagpole extended from a building, sew a metal rod (a curtain rod does very well) along the edge of the flag nearest the house, opposite the blue field. The rod should extend from the corner of the flag for about the length of the field. It will be found that

this effectually prevents that twisting about the pole which makes the lowering of the flag at sundown a bother, and if the rod is carefully sewed inside a fold of the flag itself, it will not be at all noticeable.—T. H. A., Montclair, New Jersey.

**REMOVING TEA OR COFFEE STAIN.**—To clean a tea- or coffee-pot which has a rim of deposit inside, fill the pot with warm water to which one-half a teaspoonful of washing powder has been added, and let stand until the next meal; pour off, rinse in clean hot water, and lay the pot with top off in the air and sun. It can easily be made sweet and fresh in this way.—B. R., Springfield, Illinois.

**TO KEEP STOVE CLEAN.**—When frying meats and fish, I find that the use of a colander, placed over the frying pan, prevents much grease from spattering on the stove. The holes in the colander allow the smoke to escape much better than the ordinary cover would.—E. M. S., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

**WHEN WINDOW CORDS ARE SLACK.**—Rub window cords with a very oily cloth once in five or six months. This will preserve the rope fibre much longer and the windows can be opened and closed more easily.—V. P. T., North Beverly, Massachusetts.

**FOR MIXING MUSTARD.**—Mix mustard with milk and the flavor will be much improved. This also prevents the mustard from discoloring or looking stale in the mustard pots.—V. P. T., North Beverly, Massachusetts.

*Editor's Note.*—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned.

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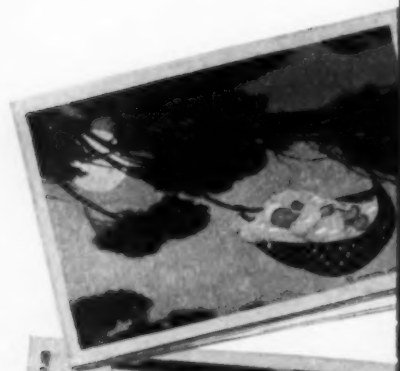
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